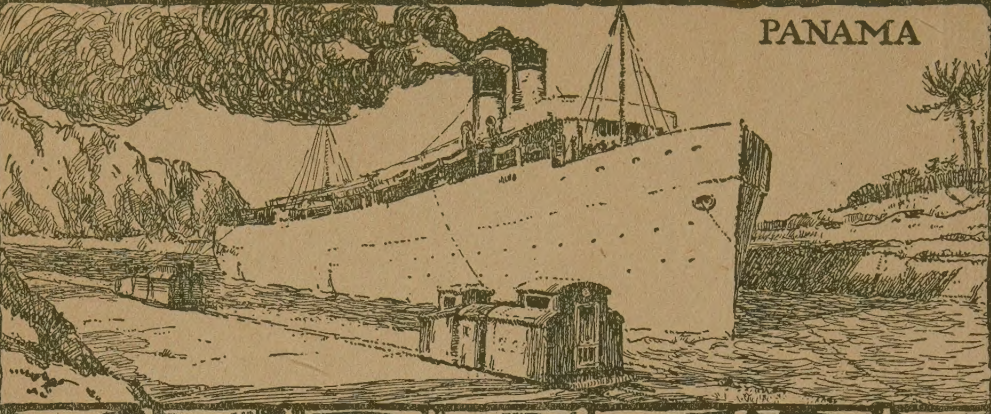


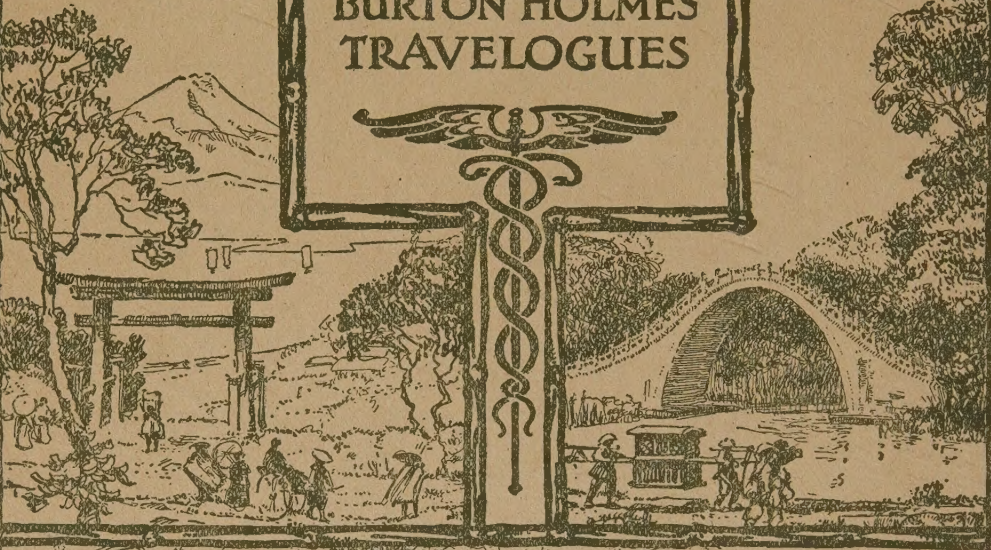
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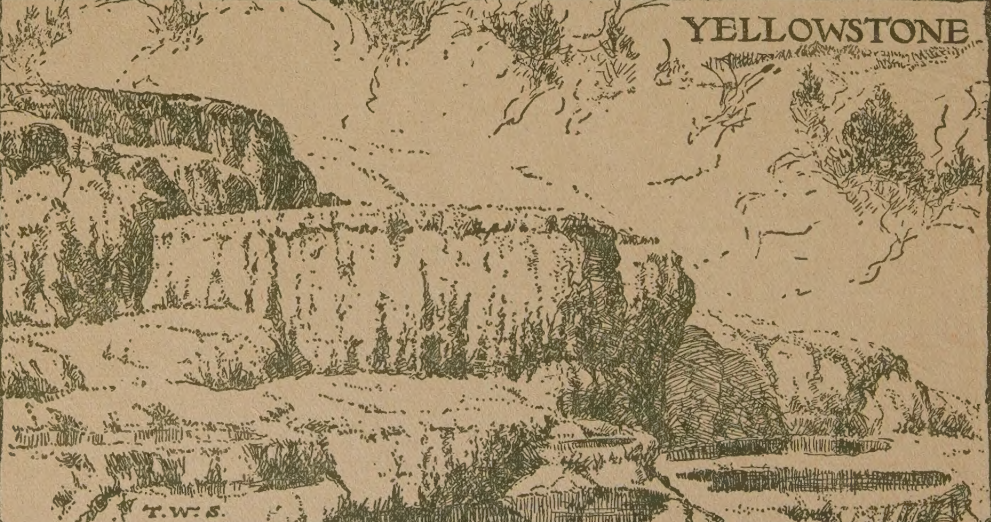
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TRAVELOGUES

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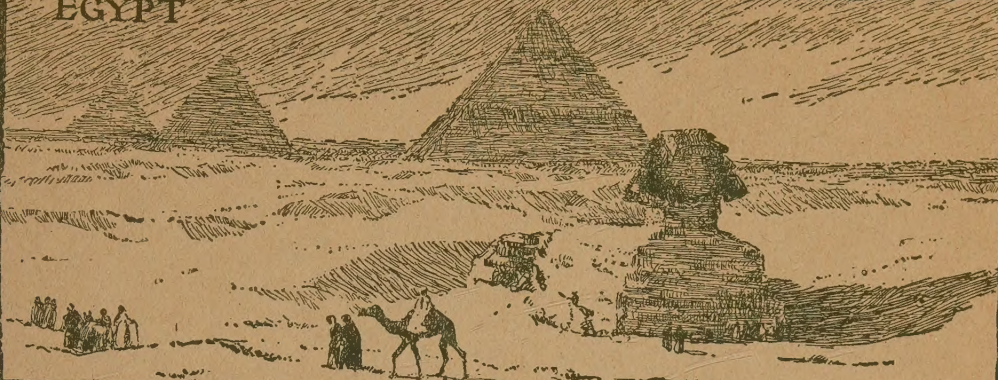


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T.W.S.

EGYPT



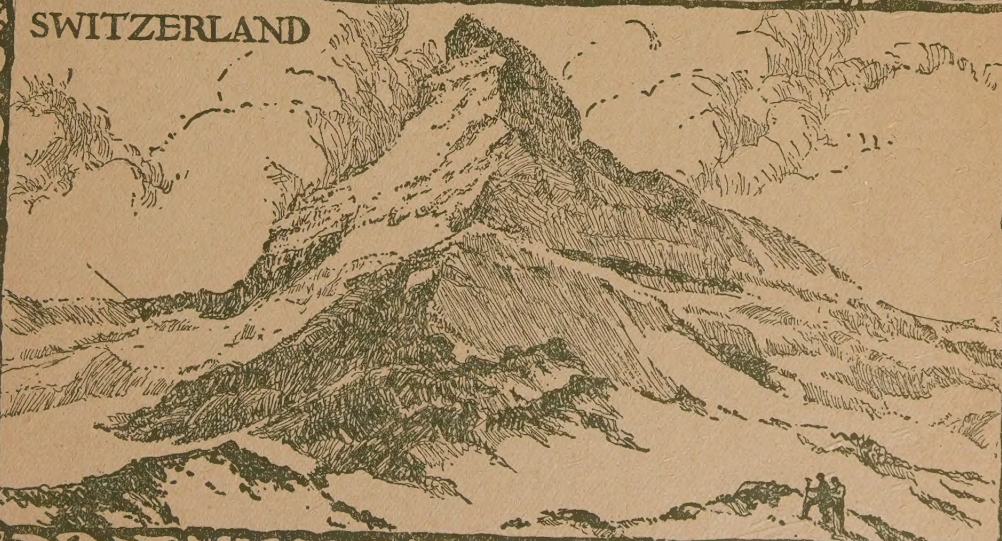
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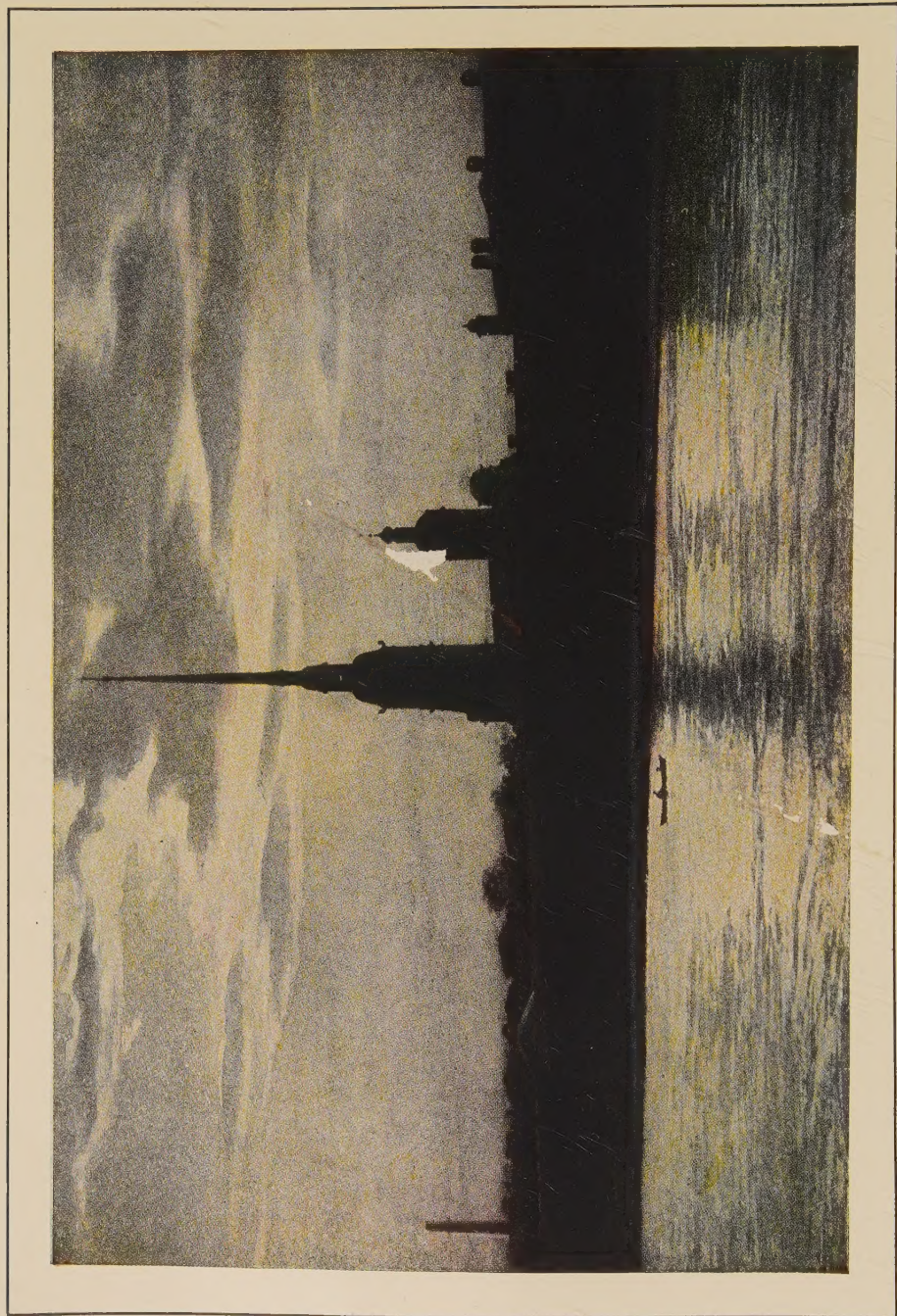
SWITZERLAND





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BURTON HOLMES TRAVELOGUES

*With Illustrations from Photographs
By the Author*



— VOLUME EIGHT —

1919
THE TRAVELOGUE BUREAU
CHICAGO NEW YORK

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ST. PETERSBURG



t. Petersburg

THE dawn of the twentieth century finds Russia one of the most conspicuous figures among contemporary nations. The world, amazed by the achievements of Russian diplomacy in Europe and of Russian enterprise in Siberia, is asking what the Muscovite will next attempt. Russia invariably replies, with courteous and modest words, that she is planning no surprise, and has in view no ends save the welfare of her people and the preservation of universal peace.

She announces no policy, she never says that she intends to do a given thing; she does not speak until she can make

known her attitude with the triumphant phrase, "The thing is done." The rest of Europe never learns what Russia has accomplished until it is too late for the undoing of her prodigious achievements. Prodigious is a word that fits the Russian. It describes the man himself, his stature, his endurance, his ambitions, and, above all, his country—that prodigious land that like our own is washed by both of the great oceans, and, unlike any other land, stretches across two continents and touches both the Occident and the Orient.

Russia can no longer remain an unfamiliar land. The searchlights of investigation, historical, political, and scientific, have been turned upon her mighty empire, revealing its conditions and its possibilities, showing the world what Russia is. To our searchlight, the photographic, focused upon the picturesque, is left the overwhelming but delightful task



ST. PETERSBURG



NEARING KRONSTADT, RUSSIA'S NAVAL STRONGHOLD

of showing you what Russia *looks like* at the present day. In studying a great man we look first at his head ; in studying a great nation we should look first at its capital. Therefore we shall now look upon the noble features of St. Petersburg.

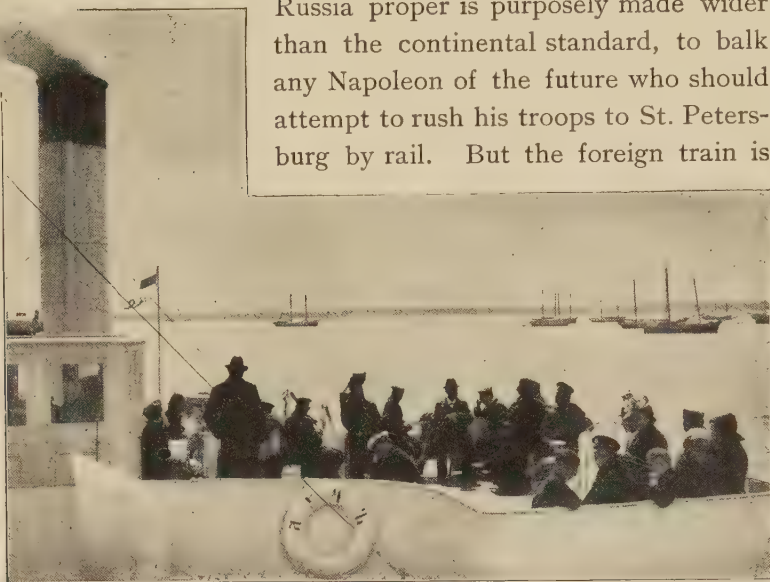
To enter Russia is popularly regarded as something of a feat, as difficult as the passing of a camel through the eye of a needle ; but in our case, we,— the camel,— properly ballasted with passports, slipped through the needle's eye at the frontier town of Alexandrovo with astonishing ease and celer-



ON THE NEVA

ity. Before we had been two minutes in Russia, popular fallacies began to fade so fast that we were tempted to turn back lest we should lack, in this misunderstood country, sufficient material for the traditional tale of horrors that is expected from the traveler. We arrived at the frontier at sunrise in an express-train from Berlin, our destination being Warsaw, metropolis of Poland. At Alexandrovo the German train must stop, not merely because passports are not given

to locomotives, but because the gauge of the tracks in Russia proper is purposely made wider than the continental standard, to balk any Napoleon of the future who should attempt to rush his troops to St. Petersburg by rail. But the foreign train is



ON THE GULF OF FINLAND

permitted to wait until all passports have been examined, for passengers whose papers are not in perfect order must face



THE NEVA



ST. ISAAC'S CATHEDRAL

about and hie themselves back toward Berlin in that same train. At least a dozen people are refused admission ; among them an old woman who is pleading with an officer, vainly reading to him a telegram from her daughter, who is dying in a town not far across the line. The officer was inexorable but as courteous to her, in his refusal, as he was to us when we presented our crisp new passports from America. Four trunks of photographic material are carefully examined by the customs-guards, while the officer, intensely interested



THE NICHOLAS BRIDGE

in our outfit, discusses with us the respective merits of our various instruments, and then passes the whole formidable array without opening any of the sealed boxes of plates or mysterious tin cans containing more than a mile and a half of motion-picture film.

An hour later we are speeding across the cultivated plains of Poland en route for Warsaw, whence we proceed a few days later to St. Petersburg by rail.



ST. ISAAC'S FROM THE NEVA

But first impressions count for so much in one's opinion of a famous city that I prefer to introduce you to St. Petersburg, not through the railway-station of the line from Warsaw, scene of my first arrival, but by the Baltic water-route by way of Finland, whence I came a second time to



ON THE NIKOLAIEVSKY MOST

Russia's capital, passing Kronstadt, the naval stronghold that guards the sea-approaches to St. Petersburg. Therefore, we find ourselves steaming eastward across the gulf of Finland toward St. Petersburg. We sailed from Helsingfors at sunset one evening late in April. The voyage was delightful. A long, long twilight followed the burst of glory that attended the going down of the sun.

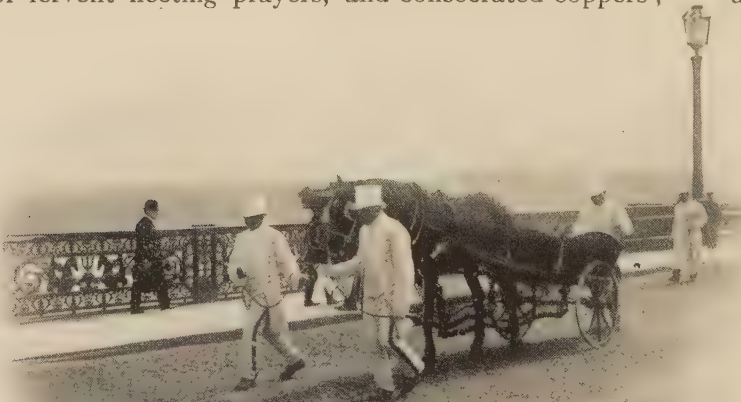


THE CHAPEL
ON THE BRIDGE

We lingered at the taffrail far into the night—the *night* according to our watches only, for darkness never came at all; the sunset glow crept slowly northward, that was all, until somewhere, just below the bright horizon, the sunset glow was transmuted in the caldrons of the deep into the gold of sunrise. Meantime, the silvern moon stole timidly behind the clouds, as if she felt herself a stranger on this nightless northern sea, and finally the blush of the retiring day was changed, there in the north, into the flush of the new day, the dawn of which gilds for us the domes and spires of St. Petersburg. I said the domes; I should have said *the* dome, the Russian member of that magnificent architectural quartet which is completed by three famous domes in London, Rome, and Washington. St. Paul's soars in the mists above the Thames; St. Peter's hovers in the sunny blue above the turbid Tiber; the Capitol floats in the cloudless sky of freedom above the limpid waves of the Potomac, while here, almost within the Arctic Circle, a sister dome dominates with even more commanding mien the broad, swift, icy

Neva. It is St. Isaac's, the crown and glory of St. Petersburg. But however strong the temptation, let us not be lured by this glimpse of the famous dome, from the proper and orderly telling of our story.

Having arrived, let us proceed like experienced travelers to the best hotel, by the most interesting route. It leads us from the Pristan or landing-place, where we have had no trouble with our luggage or our passports, across the Bridge of Nicholas, one of the two bridges which are permanent, the others being on pontoons, which are removed in winter just before the river freezes over. That you may share the first impressions produced upon us by the street-life and movement of the Russian capital, we halt a moment near a shrine, or chapel, on the bridge to watch the passing throng; and well may we linger in amazement, for nearly all the passers-by remove their hats or cross themselves or stop to murmur a brief prayer there in the middle of the driveway, before the temple of the Faith defended by the Tsar. The chapel, parting the streams of traffic, is deluged with a spray of fervent fleeting prayers, and consecrated coppers; as



SCATTERING FUNERAL FLOWERS

if to confirm the faithful in their prayerful assiduity, the funeral procession of a child now passes at a walk. First comes a cart filled with fresh flowers of springtime; these are scattered one by one along the path of sorrow soon to be



FUNERAL OF A CHILD

traversed by the snow-white hearse with its white-clad attendants and the black-robed mother, who with the sad-faced friends and relatives follow on foot the mortuary car.

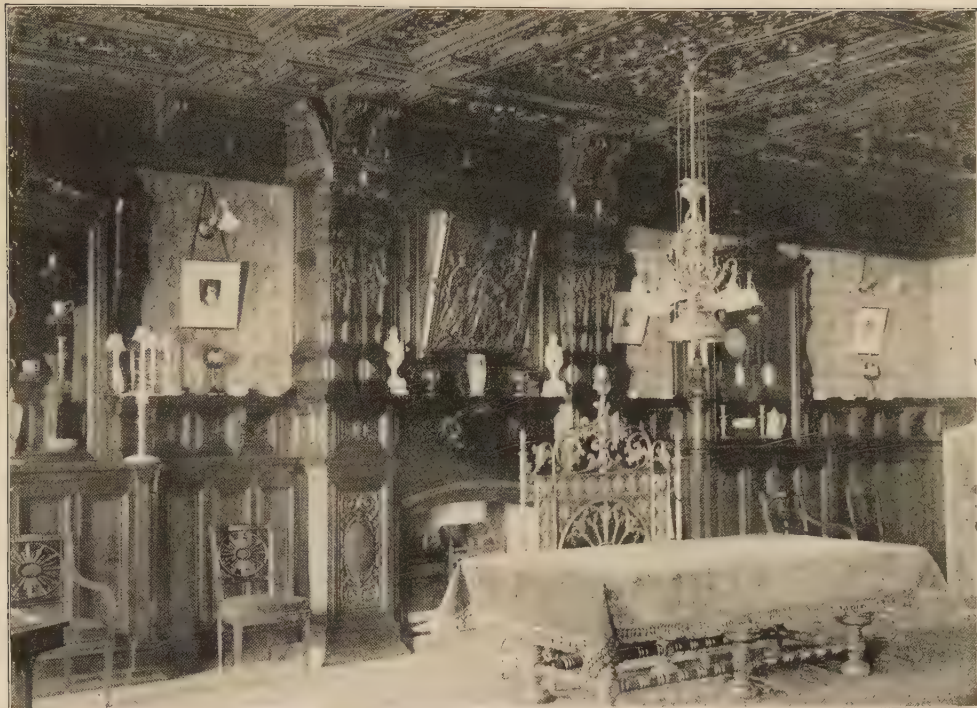
A moment more and we have reached the splendid left bank of the Neva where the Angliskaya, or the English quay, stretches its miles of lordly dwellings. The nearest house is the private residence of the American ambassador. The palace of a Russian noble, it is now leased, not by the United States government, but by our representative himself. Fortunately for the prestige of our nation in this land where appearances count for more than in any other European country, he is both able and willing to expend in maintaining that prestige twice as much money every year

as he receives from the State Department of the richest nation in the world.

The Ambassador of the United States, in whose hospitable drawing-room Americans are sure to find a welcome, must and should be lodged at least as well as the envoys of the minor European states. Is it not almost pitiable that we, eighty millions of well-to-do people, should be compelled to ask the men who represent us at the courts of Europe to draw upon their private purses for the proper entertainment of the nation's guests? In accepting Mr. and Mrs. Tower's invitation, we felt that the United States was not to be our host in the sense in which England would have been had we dined at the British embassy. England provides a palatial residence and an entertainment fund for her ambassadors and ministers. How long must guests of the United States rely for worthy entertainment in foreign lands upon the private charity of generous and wealthy representatives?



THE ANGLISKAYA — THE U. S. EMBASSY ON THE LEFT



SALLE-A-MANGER OF THE EMBASSY

But the stay-at-home lawmaker will protest, "The Ambassador to Russia is paid \$17,000 yearly for his services." True ; but the only house available for an embassy of a great power costs him twelve thousand dollars every year, leaving just about enough to pay for one official ball and the necessary receptions in this expensive city. The office of the embassy for which our government pays rent is up two long flights of stairs in an old dingy building, while the chancelleries of little German principalities are housed in splendid palaces. But a truce to growling. We find our consolation in the thought that among nations as among individuals, only the extremely rich can afford to live so far within their means as to appear penurious.

The best hotel in Russia is the Hôtel de l' Europe on the

Nevsky Prospect in St. Petersburg. It has a lift, electric lights, steam-heat, and a reading-room, where we may consult foreign newspapers blotched in black by the ink-roller of the Russian censor. Scarcely an imported magazine or periodical is found without one or more pages or columns blotted out, lest the Russian people should learn by their perusal to see themselves as others see them. At the end of the adjacent Street of Michael rises the Alexander III Museum. Beyond it, facing a canal, is the memorial church that marks the site where Alexander II was assassinated by the Nihilists in 1881. It has been nearly twenty years in growing to its present state of immaturity; the curious bulbs



A CORNER OF THE AMBASSADORIAL DRAWING-ROOM



SALON OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR



THE CHANCELLERY OF THE U. S. EMBASSY IN THE MILLIONNAIA

and fantastic fruit-like forms upheld by towering stems have at last been ripened by the sun ; but the body of the sacred growth, like a rare plant, is still sheltered by a lattice-work of timber. However, an idea of what the gorgeous monument will be when it shall burst forth from its cocoon of scaffold-



THE CHANCELLERY OF THE U. S. EMBASSY

ing is given by a glance at a daintily accurate model in the workroom of the architects. In color, form, magnificence, and singular beauty of ensemble—made up of repetitions of ungraceful details and groupings of awkward shapes—this creation is unrivaled, save by the Church of Basil, near the Kremlin walls in Moscow. It is so strangely festive in design that we almost forget the tragedy it commemorates. The great Emancipator, Alexander II, grandfather of the present



THE HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE

Tsar, was passing along the quay in 1881, in one of the simplest carriages from the imperial stables. A Nihilist with two infernal shells stood upon the curb, waiting with murderous intent for the man who twenty years before had given liberty to twenty-five millions of Russian serfs, and who had ever since devoted all his energies to the uplifting



MUSEUM ALEXANDER III

of his people. It is said that at that very moment there lay upon his desk a paper as yet unread and unsigned, but rich in promises for the Russian people. It was a draft of the constitution that Alexander was prepared voluntarily to bestow upon his people. But all this did not stay the hand that held the bomb. The portion of the carriage just beneath the seat was shattered into wooden shreds, the Tsar alighted, a

second bomb was thrown—it shattered his legs and he was carried dying to the Palace, stretched on the humble sledge of a passer-by. That sledge and the fatal carriage are now kept side by side in the museum of state-coaches. They are in the farthest room ; but when I asked to photograph them, the guardian, until then complaisant, turned pale and whispered, as he drew his hand across his endangered neck,



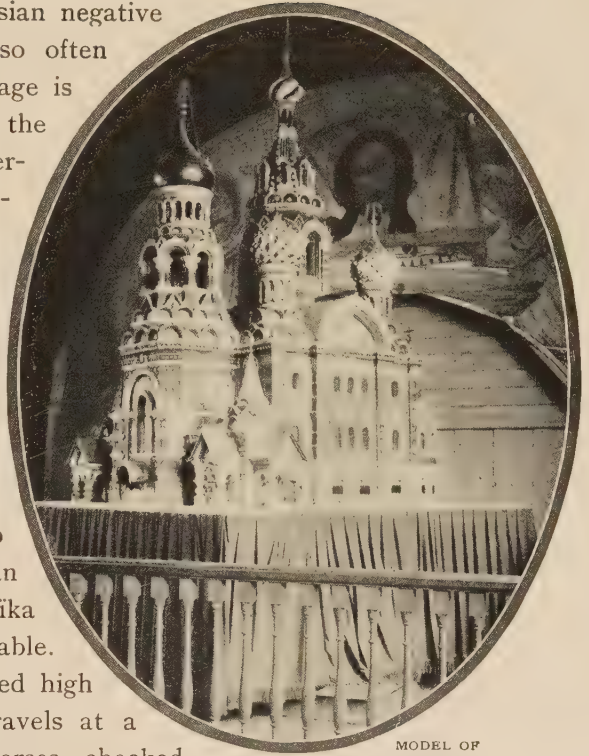
MEMORIAL TO ALEXANDER II

"*Niet, niet*"—that Russian negative against which we shall so often fight in vain. The carriage is severely plain, not unlike the one that we saw in an exercise parade of court vehicles in the "Great Street of the Stables" which leads from the museum to the Nevsky.

The parade is led by a fine troïka, the three-horse open trap so characteristic of Russia, and at the same time so seldom seen in Russian streets to-day. The troïka in full career is admirable.

The middle horse, checked high to the arching hame, travels at a swift trot; the outside horses, checked painfully low, with necks bent outward at an aching angle are meantime running like thoroughbreds on the home-stretch, apparently much faster than their trotting fellow. But, strange to say, the troïka holds together under the skilful guidance of a bearded coachman, who always wears a crown of peacock-feathers.

Yet the troïka-driver, despite his peacock-crown, lacks the distinction of the ordinary coachman, or even of the *istvostchik* or cabby of the capital. Never shall I forget my first sight of a real Russian coachman. I had approached him from behind, quite unawares, the day of our arrival. When I glanced up suddenly, my first impression was that some acute astigmatism had thrown my eyes out of focus,



MODEL OF
THE MEMORIAL

robbing me of all sense of proportion. My second thought was that I had discovered some unique liveried phenomenon. But this hypothesis could not endure; a moment later my distended eyes were filled with the form of an even more distended specimen



CIRCUMFERENTIAL CHARIOTEERS

of what might be termed the "genus *istvostchikus giganticus*." No, these inflated charioteers are not phenomenal save to the new arrival; they are typical as we soon discover. Their girth increases in direct ratio to the rank and wealth of their employers.

The higher the station, or the greater the wealth of the master, the fatter is the man—in appearance, for it is in appearance only. This effect of corpulence is produced by the wadded coats or robes, worn even in midsummer. In winter the coachmen are yet more stupendous spectacles, smothered in splendid furs. We always find an imposing array of these aristocrats of the box-seat at the gates of the Liétny Sad, or Summer Garden. Even in the tardy spring of these northern latitudes, the Liétny Sad is a delightful rendezvous for fashionable St. Petersburg. Officers and



A LIVRIED PHENOMENON

students mingle with dukes and princes, and women of the middle class look with envy at princesses promenading here, or at the marble beauties on the pedestals, who by virtue of their classic costumes are exempt from the modern world-wide necessity of holding up the trailing, germ-collecting skirt, that anomaly of our supposedly practical and scientific century.

The day of our first visit, late in April, the trees were emulating the nudity of the marble statues ; but when we came again in May, the tiny leaves, conjured into being by the persistent sun, had clothed this urban forest with a frock of springtime green. We have been told that winter is the proper season for St. Petersburg. I cannot tell ; but if its



THE IMPERIAL STABLES

short Arctic days offer more of life and interest to the traveler, the endless afternoons of a spring are rich in natural charm. The spring comes to Petersburg so suddenly that straw-hats are needed before the furs of winter can be packed away. We found the city basking in warm sunshine ; yet, only five days before, the frozen Neva had succumbed to the attack of Phœbus Apollo's bright battalions and, in the desperation of



IN THE MUSEUM OF CARRIAGES

defeat, had hurried the broken masses of its icy regiments down to the chill dominions of the Baltic Sea. Not a cubic inch of ice remains to tell us that five days before we should have crossed the river, not in wheeled vehicles, but in low troika sledges, to the music of keen-sounding sleigh-bells, as our three horses sped along



A
RUSSIAN
COACHMAN



ISTVOSTCHIK

an avenue of ice, smooth, limitless, and glistening like polished glass. Then, too, the canals formed unobstructed thoroughfares, paved with transparent blocks. But even snow



A TROÏKA

and ice could not have robbed the entrance to the Moika canal of its suggestion of the sunny south. Surely, at first glance the traveler would say that he was in a gondola on



ENTRANCE TO THE SUMMER GARDEN



IN THE SUMMER GARDEN

Adriatic waters, about to pass between the Venetian Riva and the Molo of the Doges, and then glide silently beneath the Bridge of Sighs ; for the bridge of the Hermitage is reminiscent of that famous arch of Venice.



SPRINGTIME SUNSHINE

Along the Quay of the Palace there passes every afternoon the swift parade of the nobility, diplomacy, and wealth of Petersburg, in superb carriages, drawn, the greater part of them, by coal-black horses urged to a thundering trot by the impassive monumental coachmen. With arms at full length they appear literally to push upon the rigid reins, and with eyes fixed always half a block ahead, shout imperatively with



PALATIAL FAÇADES

military accent, "*Prava! prava!*" to warn all slower vehicles to keep well to the right.

The rear elevation of the world-famous Hermitage museum rises from this same quay. The stately entrance-portal adorns the opposite façade upon the street called the Millionnaïa, a name suggestive of the value of the treasures contained within this marvelous museum. The Hermitage might well be



A FLOATING BRIDGE



BRIDGE OF THE HERMITAGE



MAY IN PETERSBURG

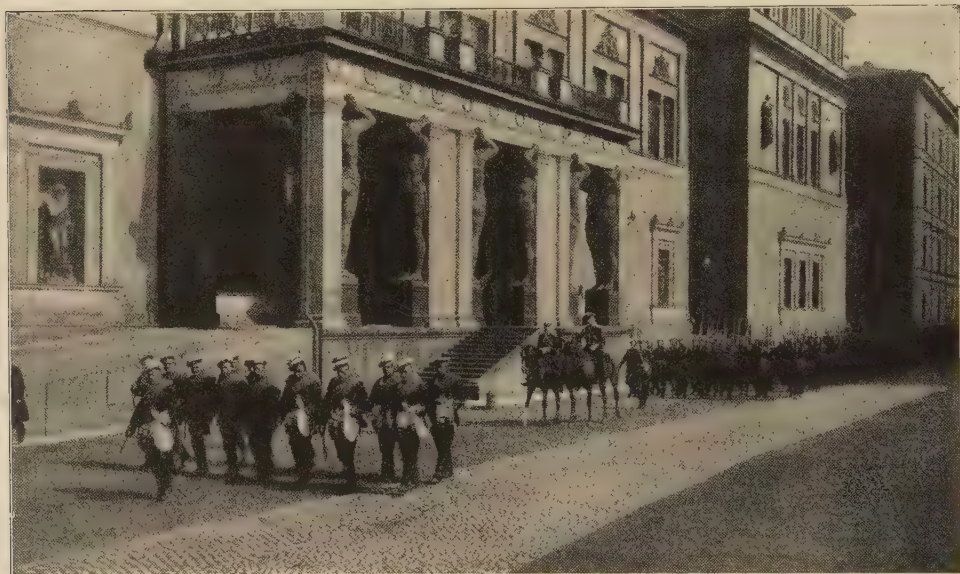
called a prison, wherein under the strictest guard there are confined the countless art-objects taken by the Tsars from the creative nations of the south, either by force of arms or by the peaceful but resistless might of limitless unstinted gold: The marvelous collections of the Hermitage, begun two centuries ago by Peter, worthily housed for the first time by Catherine the Second, were definitely enshrined in this pala-



ON THE PALACE QUAY

tial temple of all arts by Nicholas the First, in 1852. Vain would be the effort to describe the contents of these halls, or even to tell of the halls themselves, and I write these words with the full consciousness that I am quoting, almost verbatim, lines to be found in every book or article devoted to St. Petersburg. Some writers, braver than the rest, venture to crib from catalogues or guide-books the information that the

Hermitage galleries contain a dozen Raphaels, twenty Murillos, thirty-four Van Dycks, forty-one Rembrandts, sixty examples of Rubens, besides some eighteen hundred other canvases, representative of all the famous schools. Greek



THE HERMITAGE MUSEUM

heroes, Roman gods, and Egyptian kings hold court within these walls, surrounded by the wealth and art of all the ages, their coffers filled with coins of every epoch, their separate halls and corridors furnished with the luxuries of civilizations that had been dead for centuries ere the mighty Peter waved his compelling wand of progress above the barren marshes of the Neva, and brought forth Peter's city—Holy Petersburg, of which the holiest enceinte is the island of Saint Peter and Saint Paul—nucleus of the Russian Capital, fortress, prison, palace, sanctuary, necropolis of Peter's line, last resting-place of the Imperial Romanoffs, where sleep the silent company of autocrats composed of all the Tsars save one from Peter I to Alexander III,—the citadel of St. Peter

and St. Paul is indeed the heart of this creation of Peter the Great, the chief city of the Muscovites.

In former years the might of emperors was in blades of steel, in armor and in firearms. To-day it is in gold and silver coin, and here in the old citadel of the Tsars we find a silent arsenal of obsolete weapons, and a new mint where modern machinery is striking the bright new roubles of His Imperial Majesty Nicholas the Second.



THE HALL OF VASES IN THE HERMITAGE

The palace of the Tsars faces their Necropolis from the left bank of the Neva, which we cross again by means of pontoon bridges, passing on our way the stately Bourse, or Stock Exchange, upon another island. Five minutes more, and our swift, high-stepping cab horse—no striking excep-

tion to the rule, for the public cabs and rapid, well-groomed horses of St. Petersburg are a delight to the traveler — has brought us to the gates of the Winter Palace, the town abode of the Imperial Court. Reddish brown in color, heavy and over-ornate in design, it yet impresses us as a dwelling-place of princes. Its very size compels our admiration, but, as an Irishman would say, “the finest things in the palace are out-

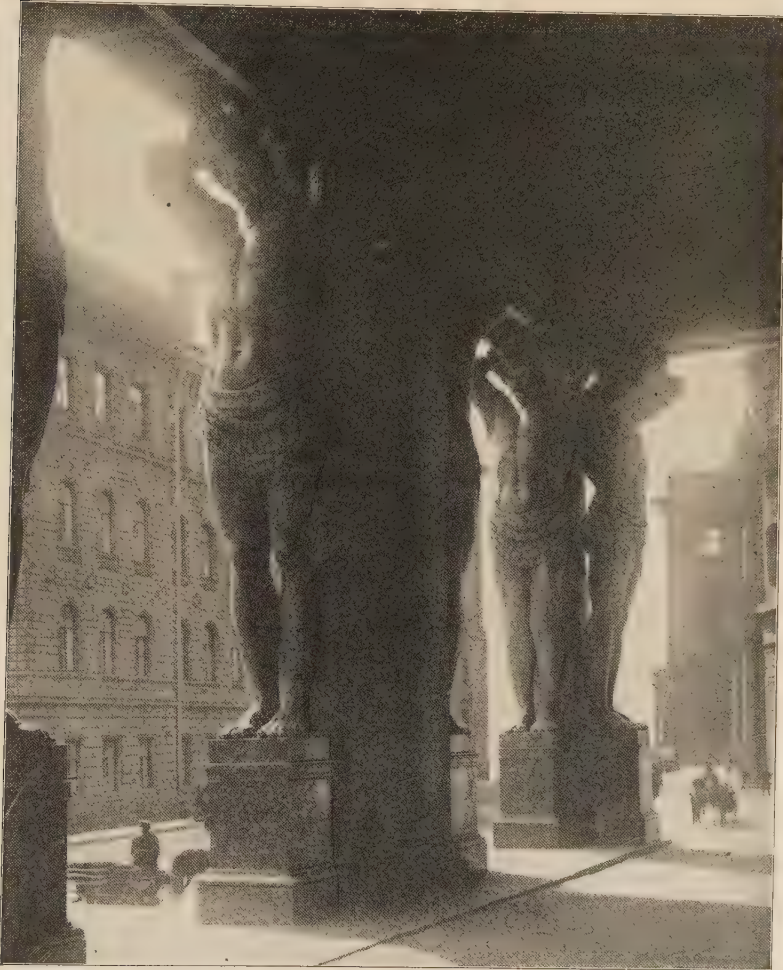


THE ITALIAN GALLERY OF THE HERMITAGE

side of it”; for the magnificent new iron grill surrounding the garden, and the two splendid gates are the most striking and artistic features. Although this is our first visit to St. Petersburg, we have seen these gates before, for throughout the summer of 1900 one pair stood upon the banks of the Seine, as part of an exhibit at the Paris Exposition. A flag above the palace indicates the presence of the emperor; but

not necessarily in this palace. It merely signifies that he is within the district of St. Petersburg. He may be here or, what is far more likely, at one of his country-seats—at Tsarskoye-Selo, fourteen miles inland, or at Peterhof, nineteen miles away upon the Baltic shore.

A hasty glimpse of Tsarskoye-Selo must suffice. The palace is magnificently comfortless, over-decorated, uselessly



PORTICO OF THE HERMITAGE

vast, like nearly all the palaces of Europe. We pass with the old ennui of the tourist through ballrooms of gold and crystal, and ante-chambers with real amber walls—extravagances of Catherine the Second. Two things, however, strike us because of their originality. One was the court gymnasium, installed in an ornate apartment for the amusement of the intimates of the palace circle. We are assured



THE TOMBS OF THE ROMANOFFS



LOOKING TOWARD THE CITADEL

that it is no rare spectacle, though it must be a deeply edifying one, to see bearded grand-dukes and grand-duchesses décolletées, shooting the chutes upon the polished slide, which is the chief feature of the equipment of this imperial play-room. This they do, so one avers, without the intervention of anything resembling a toboggan.

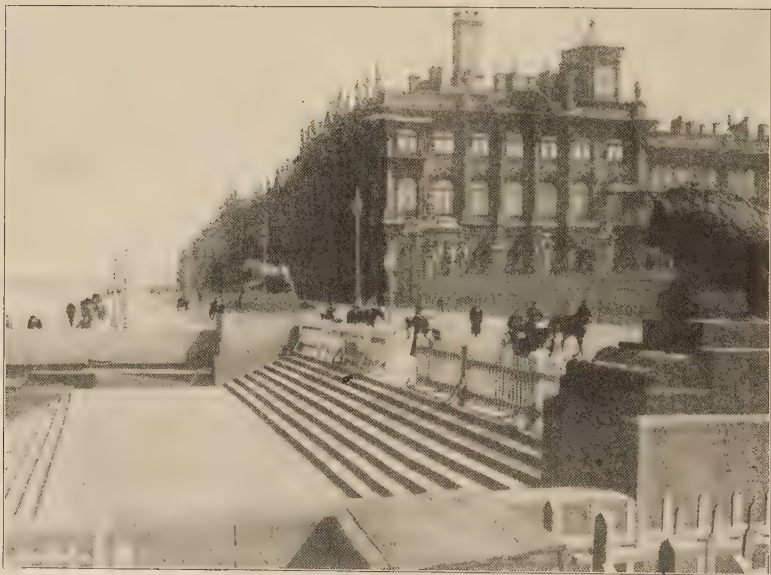
The other unconventional feature is found in a pavilion in the lovely park; it is a magic dining-table, an elaboration of the old ideas of



NECROPOLIS OF THE ROMANOFFS



THE BOURSE



THE WINTER PALACE

Frederick the Great and Ludwig of Bavaria, which monarchs, as you know, had dining-tables that came up through the floor so their majesties might be served without servants. But the mechanism of this table of the Tsar is far more cleverly contrived. The table does not sink into the kitchen ; instead, each plate rests on an individual dumb-waiter, which may be lowered at will into culinary depths, and rise again to



AN IMPERIAL ABODE

substitute with silence, celerity, and secrecy, a hot bird for a cold paté, or an intact ice for a demolished pastry.

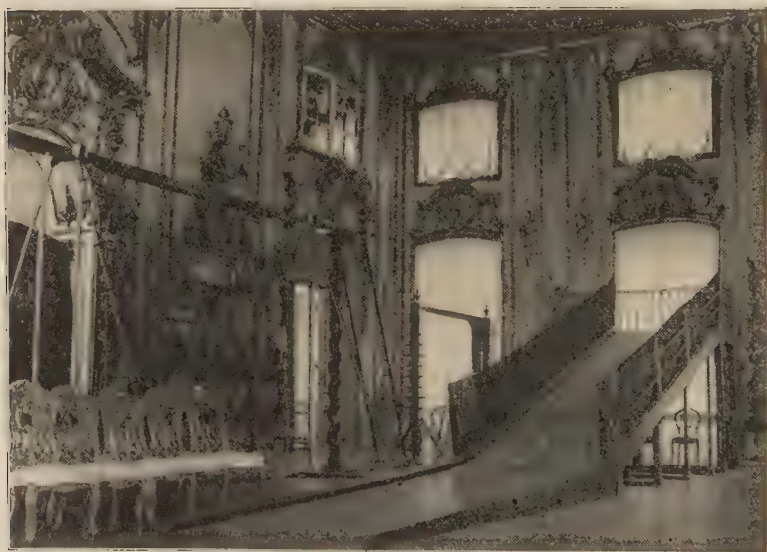
The park of Tsarskoye-Selo is extensive, beautiful, and open to the public. But

THE
NEW GATES



THE PALACE OF TSARSKOYE-SELO

let the public be upon its good-behavior, for every now and then, at unexpected moments, a commanding figure appears,



AN IMPERIAL GYMNASIUM



A MAGIC DINING-TABLE

we know not whence,—it is, however, invariably the figure of a mounted Cossack. The woods are literally full of them; the fences round about the Tsar's private palace are low and light, and could be scaled by school-boys, the barriers between the lonely autocrat and his more than a hundred million sub-

jects are not, as we supposed, walls of stone, but lines of living men, his trusted Cossacks of the Imperial Guard. We



PARK OF TSARSKOYE-SELO



A COSSACK

must walk circumspectly in this town which, as its name, Tsarskoye-Selo, implies, is "Village of the Tsar." In fact, when we lift our cameras to photograph several four-horse drays that are passing in the public street, two officers come striding toward us, with courteous fury, bidding us desist, for these are Imperial baggage-wagons laden with the family trunks of Nicholas, who moves to-morrow with the Empress and the children to another palace, that of Peterhof. Therefore, we do not take the picture that you will find upon this page, but hasten

away to Peterhof, that we may see the gardens by the Baltic before they are closed to the public for the summer.

Fountains are the chief charm of Peterhof. Happily, we arrive during the official rehearsal of the vapory fantasia that



IMPERIAL BAGGAGE-WAGONS



PETERHOF

is to be performed upon the morrow in honor of the Imperial arrival. Another day and we should not have been admitted; the palace park would have become the playground of the four Imperial Grand-Duchesses, daughters of



STATION OF PETERHOF

Nicholas the First, and Alix of Hesse, called by the Russians "Marie Feodorovna." To this charming quartet there was added, while the Empress was at Peterhof, in the summer of 1904, a fifth Imperial child,—at last a son. The hope of Nicholas for a male heir was at length realized. There is little chance that one of the dear little duchesses will some day ascend the throne of Catherine the great.

Returning to St. Petersburg, let us resume our city promenade where we left off,—in the great square of the Winter



THE FOUNTAINS



THE EMPRESS AND HER ELDEST DAUGHTERS



DAUGHTERS OF THE TSAR

Palace, which is adorned by Column, the hugest monolith from the earth—a pillar of granite nearly one hundred feet in height. Like all the memorials of departed Tsars, the column has its guard of honor. We find always an old soldier of the Imperial Guard posted at the base of each Imperial monument.

Fronting the Winter Palace is

the stupendous Alexander Column, the hugest monolith ever brought forth of reddish Finland granite.



"AN IMPERIAL PERSONAGE"

the huge semi-circular construction occupied by the Foreign and Finance Departments and by the *État-Major*. Therein are stored the secret archives, the confidential reports of every Russian general in every Russian campaign since Peter's time, —secrets that have been kept dark for centuries, despite the seven hundred and sixty-eight windows through which the light streams into the vast structure. Pausing beneath the arch, we find ourselves in the Great Morskaya, one of the most important streets of Petersburg where, as in every other street, we



PALACE OF PETERHOF

frequently encounter battalions of sturdy Russian troops. The avenues of the capital echo to martial music and the call of trumpets a hundred times a day. The first intersecting street is the most famous thoroughfare of Russia, the Nevsky Prospect, or Perspective of the Neva. Misled by this suggestive title, we have pictured the Nevsky Prospect as a superb, curving boulevard along the bank of the broad Neva, granting at every turn a charming view, or prospect of the

river. Hence, we experience a sense of disappointment until we see that this long avenue, which runs at right angles to the Neva through the heart of Petersburg is worthy of its fame as the Russian parallel of Broadway, Regent Street, the Grand Boulevards, Unter den Linden, the Ring Strasse, and the Corso. Along a single track, horse-cars, in groups of three, roll leisurely, making long stops at



THE ALEXANDER COLUMN



THE OLD GUARD



LOOKING TOWARD THE ADMIRALTY

every crossing-switch. Busses go zigzagging up and down, but trucks and wagons must make their rumbling way over the cobblestones bordering the curb, for the strips of smooth wood-pavement are reserved for carriages and cabs. The working



IN THE GREAT MORSKAYA

folk—mujiks—and all persons carrying bulky bundles are ruled off the sidewalks and compelled to walk in the middle of the street. One of the most conspicuous buildings is the Gostiny Dvor, a low, white structure, its lateral walls stretching away from the Nevsky, being twice as long as the façade on which we look. Two hundred separate shops are housed, besides innumerable stalls, under the endless arcades round



THE NEVSKY PROSPECT

about the busy Bazar. The people seen in carriages or on the sidewalks are not, at first glance, particularly unlike the citizens of any other European capital. Were it not for the fat coachmen, the military caps and insistent Russian signs, we might be at a loss to tell our whereabouts. But the Russian alphabet, like the Russian policeman, is everywhere in evidence, telling you in words you cannot understand that you

are a stranger in the land. Some one whose eyes and mind had been thrown out of focus by these exasperating Slavic characters, dubbed the Russian alphabet an "A B C in spasms." No wonder that shopkeepers feel compelled to put out signs in picture-language, that may be understood by the people not fully initiated into alphabetic mysteries.

At every step the observant traveler notes a curious illustration of the Russian way of doing things. For example,



THE GOSTINY DVOR AND THE NEVSKY

the newsboy, with the aid of a portfolio, makes an effective display of his periodicals and dailies, while, on the contrary, the theatrical-managers, bound by strict municipal regulations, must hide the light of their stars behind wire netting in the official frames, hung in inconspicuous places. The advertisements, printed on tissue-paper, are usually overlapped or folded. To shroud in mystery the attractions for



A PETERSBURG TRAM



PASSENGERS

the evening is apparently the object sought. Kiosks for the sale of papers exist on busy corners. Letter-boxes are found at convenient intervals, and, lest the unlettered or religious poor mistake them for contribution-boxes, a big white letter with a bright red seal is painted on every postal receptacle. To accommodate would-be donors, an alms-box is placed close at hand, its charitable mission proclaimed by the well-recognized symbol, a red cross.

The numbering of the houses is admirably done. Oil lanterns with the street name and the number of the house are hung above the entrance or at the angle of every house in all the capital. It amounts almost to an independent



THE NEVSKY PROSPECT



THE END OF THE NEVSKY

system of illumination Numbers glare all night in the silent streets. Late home-coming must be to a tipsy Petersburger



CITIZENS AND SIGNS



A FRUIT-STORE

one long, luminous, numerical nightmare. No street-lamps are needed during the short summer nights, for daylight lasts till daylight comes again. We found it possible to continue our photographic work until after ten o'clock at night, and the picture of the Kazan Cathedral was taken as early as half-past two in the morning. The dignified old church



DELICATESSEN

faces the busy Nevsky. We never tire of its ceaseless animation, the dangerously rapid driving, the seemingly inflated drivers and the occasional military footman upon the box-seat of the equipage of a grand-duke or an ambassador.

Driving in Petersburg is



PERIODICALS AND POSTERS

delightful; the low, light, comfortable cabs, with rubber tires, the big, black, rapid horses, racing beneath the quivering hames, and the everlasting padded, stumpy, circumferential coachmen, with their wind-swept whiskers, are things the traveler



LETTER-BOXES AND ALMS-BOXES

remembers with pleasure.

You may complain that there is no back to the particularly "spidery" vehicle seen in the illustration; that a timid woman might fear to ride in this incomplete conveyance. But none, except a



THE
CATHEDRAL
OF KAZAN



"DECOLLETÉE
DROSKI"

misanthrope, would hold this lack aught but wise provision for the happiness of man, who is in duty bound to put his arm around his fair companion to reassure her.

There is a reason for all things in Russia, obscure as it may at times appear.

Having been led out to the suburbs in pursuit of an illustration of the why and wherefore of



THE ISLANDS

what may be termed the "decolletée droski," let us continue our comparatively lonely drive in a "high-neck" hackney-carriage. We are in the residential region called The Islands, a fluvial archipelago of forty isles, where palaces and parks and the "datchis" or summer villas of the nobility are ideally located.



A NECESSARY PRECAUTION

It may be reached by perfectly paved boulevards and winding water-ways, where little steamers ply at frequent intervals. The objective-point of all who take the usual afternoon spin around the island avenues, is the western tip of Ielagin Island, called the Strielka. There every



A "DATCHI"

evening we find scores of carriages at rest, while the occupants stroll up and down looking across the Bay of Finland at the slow, northern sun, reluctantly dropping for its brief daily dip in the cold waters of the Baltic. And even when we come alone by night, hoping to have the Strielka to ourselves, we find that we are not alone in our appreciation of moonlight on the Gulf of Finland.



IELAGIN ISLAND

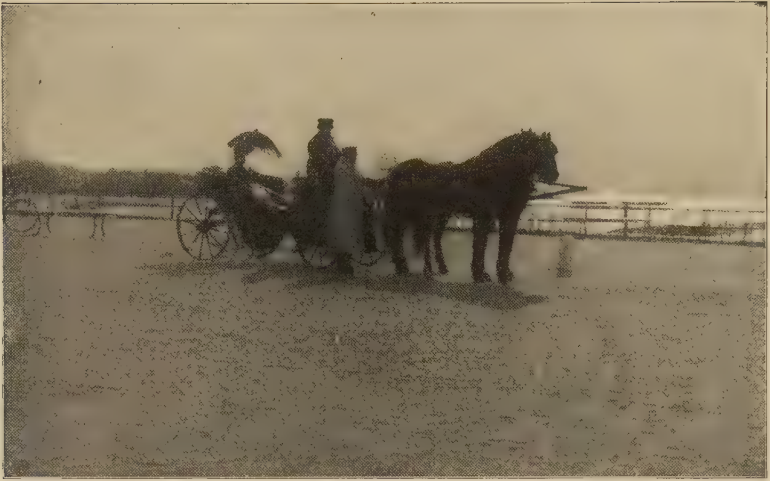
Far away the shores of conquered Finland lie low on the horizon, and beyond them lies a land that Russia covets, but which she dares not touch, for Sweden and Norway, supported by the sympathies of the civilized world, can defy the Russian Bear. But if the Russian chariot of conquest, — like the equipage of a dignified old general, which we see at the Strielka, — has halted in its westward progress at the Baltic shore, it has nevertheless rolled eastward for more than six thousand triumphant miles, across two continents; and to-day its sturdy chargers, strengthened by the race, stand panting on the shores of the Pacific, eager to plunge in and swim to fair Japan, or dash into the Chinese Empire — nay, having already coursed secretly through all Manchuria while the world's attention was fixed upon the capital, Peking.

Reminded by this thought that we are soon to follow in the wake of Russian subjugation from this, the palatial capital, to the crude new cities of Siberia, we set about securing *

the permits and letters deemed necessary for the prosecution of our pictorial campaign. I have already in my possession local permits obtained at the ministry of the Interior, which overlooks the Fontanka Canal, also a card of membership in the Russian Photographic Society of Moscow, both documents half worn out already, for they must be shown a score of times each day. But for the Trans-Siberian journey it is important to have letters from the Minister of Ways of Communication. My call upon the minister is one of the events of my sojourn in the Russian capital. I can see myself now seated in the best appointed carriage that could be found. I wear my tall hat and my long coat. I ought to be in



THE GARDEN OF AN ISLAND VILLA



AT THE POINT

evening dress, but Anglo-Saxon taste rebels at the thought of appearing in a garb worn by day chiefly by dead men and French bridegrooms. I hold in my hand a big official-looking envelope with a big official-looking seal. It contains a modest letter of introduction from Mr. George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad. I kept it well in evidence, for I noted that at sight of a big envelope, reinforced by



MOONLIGHT



ON THE FONTANKA CANAL



NICHOLAS I

the tall hat, the long coat, and a haughty attitude, the police at all congested corners invariably clear the way, stopping all cross-traffic, and salute until the envelope is safely out of sight. This is a hint to people who are in a hurry in Russia.

As I am whirled across the great square between the theater, famous for its incomparably fine ballets, and



KVASS

the Conservatory, home of Italian Opera, which rises on the right, I am fully conscious of the fact that I am going to make a call of ceremony upon a member of the Tsar's Imperial Cabinet, no less a personage than His Excellency Prince Khilkoff, Minister of Ways of Communication, director for the Tsar of the longest railroad in the world, the



THEATER MARIE

Trans-Siberian. And as we rattle over the cobble pavement, I recall the almost romantic story of Prince Khilkoff's rise to power, as related to me by a Russian gentleman. He was born a prince. In Russia this does not often signify the possession of a princely income. At any rate this prince found himself one day without the means to live. He quietly departed for America, and for a few years thereafter a man by the name of Khilkoff was on the pay-roll of the



THE CONSERVATORY



THE COHORTS OF A CARROUSEL

Pennsylvania Railway, in several modest technical capacities. With the practical knowledge acquired during this period of apprenticeship, he returned to Russia and began his race for success as a locomotive-driver, thus traversing rapidly, in one sense at least, the first stage of his career.



QUAY OF THE ADMIRALTY

One day the present Empress-Dowager, then Tsarina of Alexander III, made a journey in a special train, the engine driven by the man who had learned how in Pennsylvania. According to custom the Empress bade her secretary express her satisfaction and give a present to the engineer. But the secretary hesitated. "Your Majesty," he said, "it would



A BRIDGE OVER THE FONTANKA

'be better to omit the gift. Your locomotive-driver is a prince, whose family has been distinguished for more than seven hundred years. A word from your Majesty's lips would please him most."

The engineer, who to-day holds his court as a member of the Imperial Cabinet in the imposing Palace of the Ministry,



MINISTRY OF WAYS OF COMMUNICATION

was ushered into the Imperial carriage. The Empress, struck by his personality, told his story to the Tsar, who, finding in Prince Khilkoff the man for whom he had been seeking, soon placed him in command of the railway-con-



PRINCE KHILOKOFF'S RETAINERS



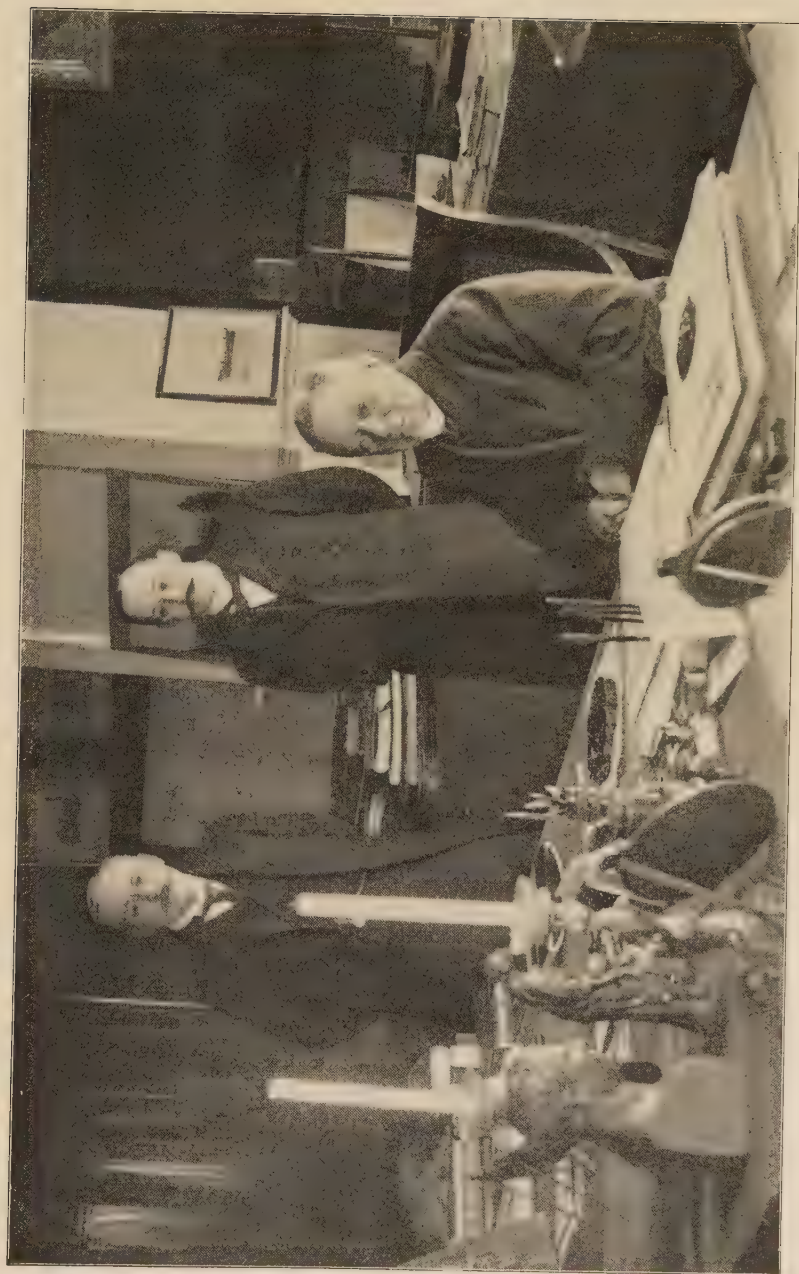
A CORDIAL RECEPTION

struction corps in the southeastern provinces in Asia. Thereafter his rise to the post of minister was rapid.

This, briefly, is the story of the man to whom my card is taken. A white-whiskered valet ushers me into the outer vestibule, where a group of stuffed Siberian wolves and bears are snarling viciously, as if to terrify Nihilists who come with murderous intent. Five or six uniformed attendants relieve me of hat and gloves, after a pocket-camera—the object of their first solicitude—had been put away as gingerly as if they had suspected that it contained a charge of dynamite. Then I am led from the den of beasts into an ante-chamber, where visitors are left in solitude for a few moments to recover from the shock and attain that composure befitting those about to enter the presence of a prince. Alexander III, Imperial patron of Prince Khilkoff, looks down



A SUGGESTION OF SIBERIA



HIS EXCELLENCY PRINCE MICHAEL KHILKOFF

upon us from the marble wall. At last a lackey, superb in bearing, weighted with gold-lace, ushers me with a stately gesture into a corridor, where other lackeys wave me on until I find myself in a high-ceiled apartment finished in dark wood, with maps and drawings on the walls, and many tables loaded with portfolios and papers. It is the sanctum of the greatest railway-man in Russia, Prince Michael Khilkoff, who bustles out from behind his long desk in a brisk and thoroughly American manner, grasping my hand, begging me to tell him what he can do to aid me. While we are talking of Siberia and the great line that will in time link Petersburg to Peking, there occurs an incident worthy of record, as an



SALON OF THE MINISTRY

illustration of Russian courtesy. The servant announces the Military Governor of an important province. Being a general he has immediate access, and is ushered in at once. The Prince presents me. The General speaks to me in French, asking, "You are a stranger, Monsieur?" But Prince Khilkoff gently interrupts, "No, *mon Général*, he is not a stranger, he is an American." Two subsequent visits



CHEZ LE PRINCE OUCHTOMSKY

to this palace confirmed my first impression, that Russia has in Prince Khilkoff a most efficient and worthy minister who combines the energy of an American business man with the courtesy of the European diplomat.

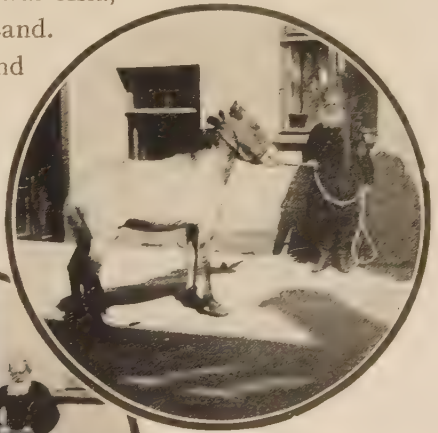
Another Russian Prince whose name has been associated with Russian expansion in Asia is Hespère Ouchtomsky, confidential friend of the reigning Tsar, whom he accompanied



TIBETAN BUDDHAS AND PLANS OF LHASSA

upon his tour around the world in 1891. We see at once on entering his palace that Prince Ouchtomsky is a traveler; closer observation shows us that he is also an explorer, a hunter, an artist, and a scholar. His favorite study is the religion of Buddha, as it exists in Central Asia, especially in Tibet, the Forbidden Land. More than two thousand Tibetan and Mongolian Buddhas sit as honored guests in Prince Ouchtomsky's parlors. Upon the walls are Buddhist kakemonos and pictures representing the mysterious city of Lhasa, stronghold of the Grand Lama, which in our generation had not been

6

YOUNG WILD
HORSES FROM
MONGOLIA

reached by any unbeliever until 1904. We know little of this famous place beyond what is told by a few crude, colored sketches made by a devout Buddhist, a pilgrim to Lhasa from one of the Asiatic provinces of the Tsar.

Apparently the Prince is on the best of terms with the Grand Lama, for on the very day of our visit there arrived, direct from far-away Tibet, two young Mongolian wild horses,



BEFORE THE REVIEW

a gift from the so-called "Living-God" of Lhasa to his friend, the learned and influential Russian Prince. Dazzled and for the moment docile, the animals, as we see them in the courtyard, do not uphold their reputation as the most savage of their kind; but the old man who came with them from Asia tells of many fearful things that these untamable brutes have done. Strangely enough, the very day these

shaggy colts arrived,—the first ever successfully exported,—two representatives of Hagenbeck's Menagerie reached Petersburg, en route to Mongolia, their mission being to secure if possible a pair of these wild horses. I fear, had I been in the Prince's place, I should have cut short the journey of the circus-men by turning over to them these embarrassing gifts of the Grand Lama.



BEFORE THE REVIEW

Thanks to a few such influential personages as those I have named I secured that rarest of privileges, the right to carry sundry infernal-looking boxes, containing photographic instruments within the cordon drawn round the Champ-de-Mars on the occasion of the great annual review held on the first day of May. We had spent the first three days preceding the review in watching the troops at practice



THE IMPERIAL LOGE



KNIGHTS AND LADIES

on the field, rehearsing for the dazzling spectacle that was to be—Cossacks, Hussars, Cuirassiers, Chévaliers de la Garde, Infantry, Artillery, and Marines had by turn held our attention and roused our eagerest anticipations.

At last the day arrives. We find ourselves early in the front row of boxes, near the Imperial Loge which, although still vacant, is already surrounded by hundreds of officers



ARRIVAL OF THE AMBASSADOR AND MRS. TOWER

superbly uniformed. All Petersburg is flocking toward the Champ-de-Mars, but only those provided with the tickets for the tribunes are admitted to the avenue between the isolated tent of the Imperial family and the long grand-stand, which is already packed with fashionable people. The boxes cost from twenty-five to fifty dollars each, but the military show



THE AMBASSADORIAL BOX



PRINCESS CANTACUZENE (NÉE JULIA GRANI)

was worth to any appreciative spectator ten times the price demanded—by the way, in the name of charity.

The arrival of the American Ambassador is an event, for he comes, accompanied by Mrs. Tower and his two little sons, in a superb equipage with the traditional black horses, the obese coachman and footman in elaborate uniform with waving plumes. In Petersburg all this is by no mean-



OFFICER OF HUSSARS

regarded as ostentatious display. Our representative is expected to appear with a certain degree of state; a failure to conform to custom would seriously offend; and I may add that members of the United States Embassy at the court of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias, now appear at all state functions in a uniform befitting their rank as representatives of a great nation. In Petersburg, at least,

American diplomats no longer run the risk of being mistaken for the *maitre d'hôtel*. Yet no doubt there are many who will scoff at this tactful innovation as an un-American departure from democratic usages. It must not be forgotten, however, that what might be ostentatious in an American town is nothing more than everyday good taste in Petersburg



THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES, THE TSAR, THE TSARINA,
AND THE EMPRESS DOWAGER

To right and left of Mr. Tower's loge stretches an array of beauty, youth, and elegance ; and there in the front rank of Russia's fairest women sits an American Princess, Julia Grant, Princess Cantacuzene, granddaughter of our beloved General and President. It is not strange that she should



MORE THAN TWENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND MEN

love the pomp of military show. She is granddaughter to the man who led to victory the greatest army of the nineteenth century, and to-day her princely husband rides in the escort of the Tsar of all the Russias. Meantime the throne



THE IMPERIAL CORTÈGE

of magnificently uniformed officers—of every brilliant corps, of every grade—increases until we seem to be in the very midst of a multitude of monarchs. But while these chosen hundreds hold our attention in the foreground, the men, the rank and file, the actual backbone and body of the Russian army, are assembling in the field beyond to the number of twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-one. There are to-day upon this field fifty-three and a half battalions of infantry, thirty-seven squadrons of cavalry, fourteen

ST. PETERSBURG



THE TSAR

sotnia's of Cossacks, one hundred and forty-eight pieces of artillery, twelve hundred and eighty-eight superior officers, and forty-nine generals ; in all, nearly twenty-eight thousand men, commanded by the Grand Duke Vladimir, son of Alexander II., commander-in-chief of St. Petersburg.

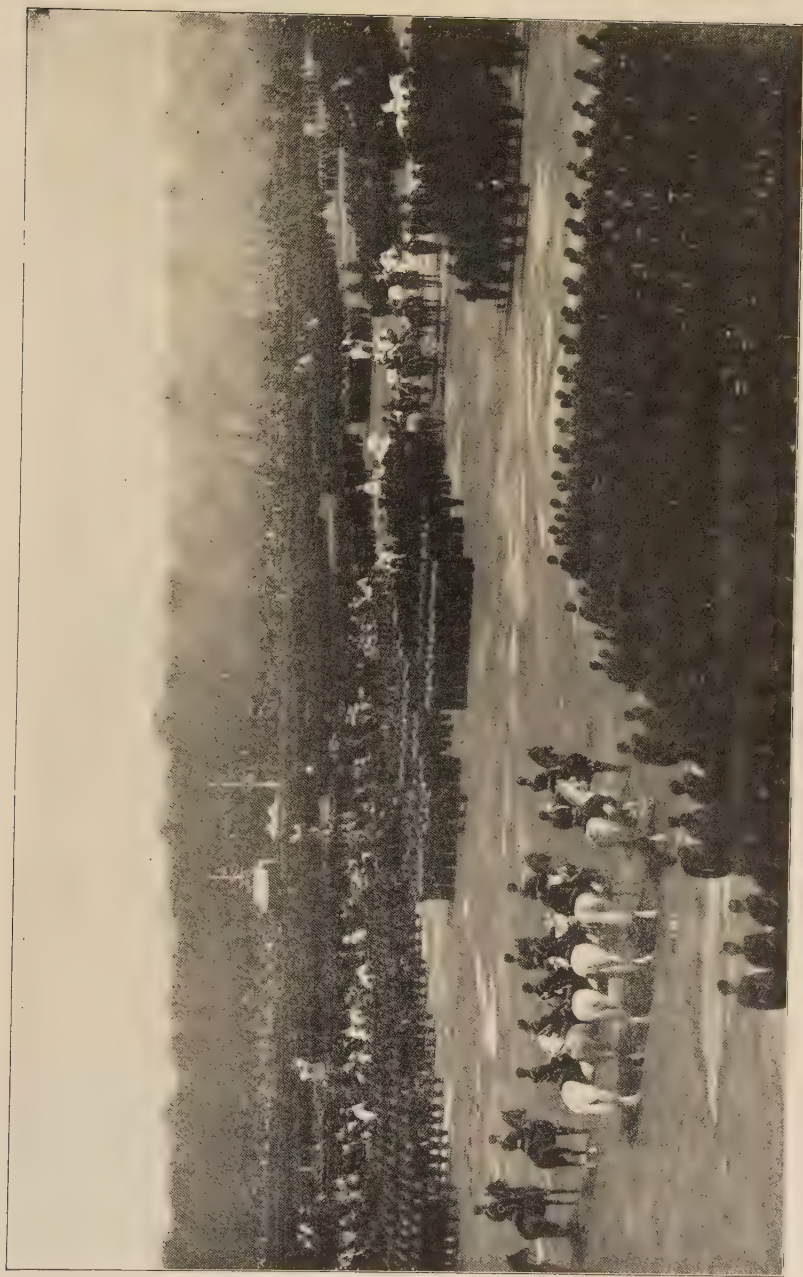
This mighty host awaits the coming of the Tsar who is now riding from the Winter Palace beside the carriage in which sit his wife, and his mother, and his sister: the Empress Marie Feodorovna; the Empress-Dowager, widow of Alexander III, sister to the Queen, Alexandra; and the Grand-Duchess Olga Alexandrovna, daughter of Alexander. Meantime the multitude on the field of the review is

warned of the Imperial approach by the thundering cheers which

roll along the quays and avenues as the Imperial family advances. Our position far in advance of the "dead-line" drawn by the police is held only by dint of frequent exhibitions of a permit signed by no less a personage than His Excellency General Klegghels, Grand Master of the Metropolitan Police, head of that marvelous organization, and personally responsible for the life and safety of the Tsar. In fact, we should have been thrust back by over-zealous underlings had not the General himself come



HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL KLEGHEL,
GRAND MASTER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE



THE REVIEW ON THE FIELD OF MARS

to our rescue and with a few words to the guards established us as the most privileged civilians on the field. Thereafter we are permitted to move about at will under the very noses of his innumerable agents. Thus we are far in advance of the first rank of spectators when the carriage of the Empresses moves slowly down the nearer wall of troops. His Majesty the Tsar rides at the left, two paces in advance; his simple uniform just visible to us over



THE IMPERIAL EQUIPAGE

the backs of the white horses. Meantime we seize the golden moments to make a motion-record of the passing of an Emperor, two Empresses, and an Imperial escort.

The Imperial party then moves alternately up and down the avenues bounded by the spacious blocks of troops, every battalion, squadron, or battery shouting or singing its words of loyalty and homage to the Tsar. "Magnificent" is a poor word with which to qualify the scene. The long, zigzag course at last concluded, the Emperor, followed by his staff,

rides to the front of the Imperial box. There—still in the saddle, like a soldier—he will review his troops; and the Empresses are swept by us, their carriage almost running us down as it swings round to reach the entrance to the loge.

The Imperial women being now safely ensconced in the green tent, the review commences. Faithful Cossacks are on guard at the entrance; hundreds of secret agents are pre-



AWAITING THE EMPRESSES

sumably at hand, on the *qui vive* for Nihilists. Yet I am inclined to question the thoroughness of the measures taken for the protection of the Imperial family. Had I been a Nihilist, my camera a bomb, there were a dozen occasions when it could have been launched with fatal effect. But I doubt also the necessity, even, for the actual surveillance. At that very season when some American papers pictured the



IMPERIAL PERSONAGES

Tsar as cowering in secret chambers of his Summer Palace, starting at every sound as if it were the crack of doom (these were the very words of an enterprising daily), we saw him riding apparently unprotected amid the cheering multitudes.

Among the first to march stiffly past their Imperial commander are the men of the illustrious regiment to which the



THE AMERICAN MILITARY ATTACHE



HUSSARS AND LANCERS IN REVIEW



THE PREOBRJENSKY REGIMENT



THE EQUIPAGE OF THE EMPRESSES



ARTILLERY PASSING IN REVIEW

Tsar himself belongs. Even as Tsar he still retains the lowly rank of first lieutenant, for he had risen no higher in military grade when called upon to mount the throne. He remains, therefore, a lieutenant in this Preobrajensky regiment which now files past. It will be followed by another famous regiment, the Pavlovsky, distinguished by the miter-like helmets gleaming in the sun. Artillery then thunders



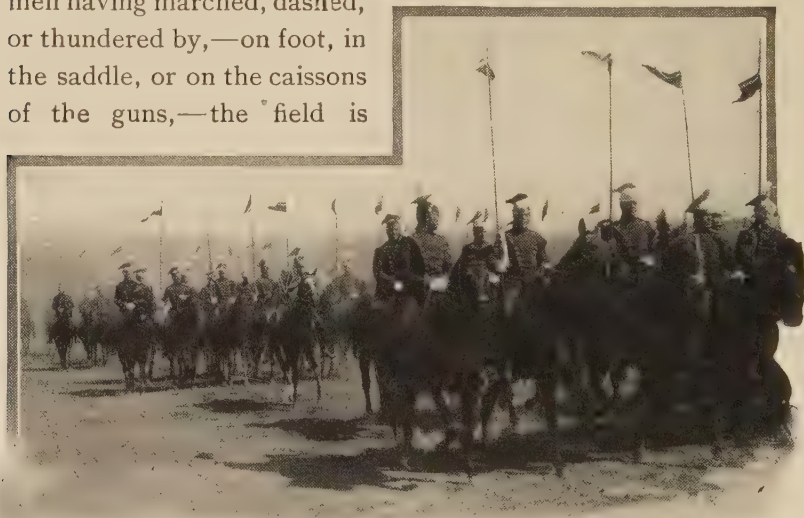
RUSSIAN ARTILLERY

past, but speed and dust make the passage photographically invisible. Then come the Cossack sotnias, and the Lancer squadrons, and the superbly clad Hussars. In endless double rank they pass the Tsar, then, wheeling left, sweep past the place that we have chosen for this part of the review. Well chosen it was, but not without its perils, as one of the



COSSACKS

motion pictures proves, for one careless squadron literally rides over us. The full tide of over twenty-seven thousand men having marched, dashed, or thundered by,—on foot, in the saddle, or on the caissons of the guns,—the "field is



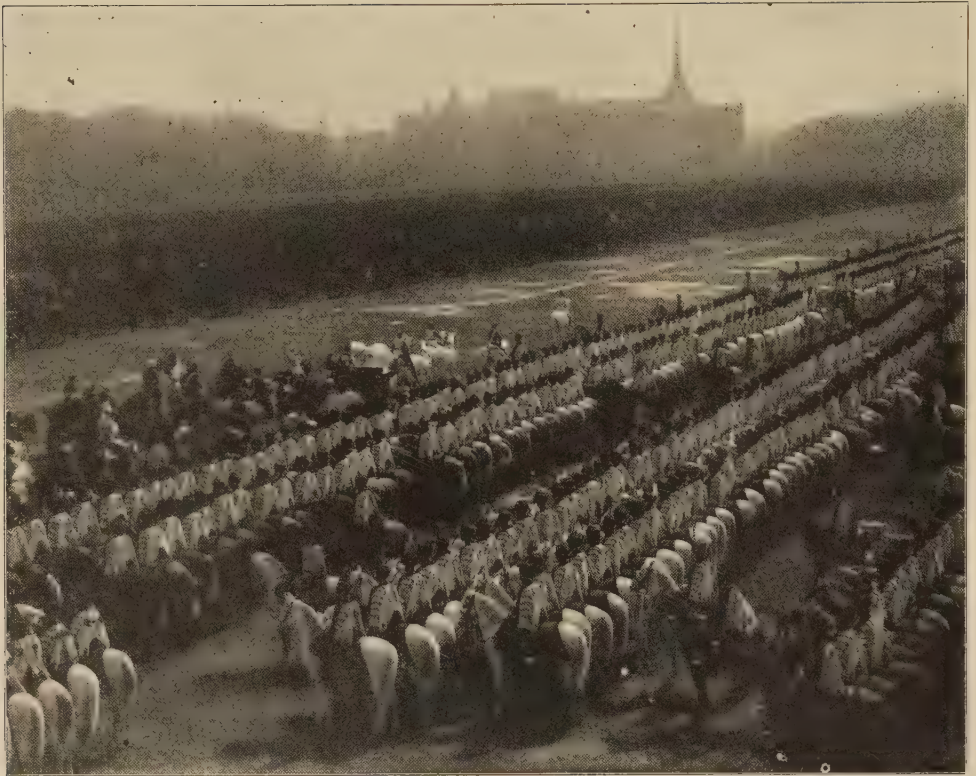
LANCERS

cleared of all save the magnificent array of cavalry. The gorgeous squadrons are then massed on the farther side of the field, facing the Emperor. A silence reigns, the crowds upon the housetops, in the windows, in the grand-stand, and in the streets below are hushed. They know that something tremendous is now to happen,—something that may cost several lives, for these thousands of horsemen cannot sweep across this field at a breakneck gallop and then at a sudden command halt instantaneously, without some accident. The charge



COSSACK TYPES

itself defies description. No picture can reveal the splendor of the coloring, or suggest the majestic disciplined turbulence of the flood of mounted men that now sweeps toward the Tsar, like a tinted tidal wave. Then the wave breaks, and its dusty spray is dissipated. The generals and marshals now form in a semicircle before their Imperial Master. One by one they approach the Tsar. Some present papers or reports, all receive words of compliment for the successful



THE HUSSARS READY FOR THE CHARGE

issue of the day. At this moment a happy thought occurs to me. Rushing to our box I seize a motion-picture instrument and return to a position between two officers in that saluting semicircle. I dared not bring a tripod, but holding the motion camera as steadily as possible against my breast, I begin to turn the crank. Scarcely has the machine begun its clatter, before His Majesty, with an informal gesture, declares the ceremony at an end, and to my delight rides directly toward me, and his staff, falling in from both sides, follow him off the field. Any shakiness in the picture is due to the fact that I was at one and the same time holding a silk hat under one arm, clasping a black box to my breast,

which naturally was heaving with excitement, and trying to look utterly unconcerned while the Autocrat of all the Russias and the great men of his Empire filed past, enveloping me in clouds of dust. That my attitude was undignified I grant you, but it was justified by the result.

For hours after the review the streets and squares of Petersburg are alive with crowds and marching troops, or blocked by halted squadrons. But on the morrow Petersburg becomes once more the city of magnificent spaciousness, seemingly the broadest city in the world. Its streets are broad, its squares enormous, its river wide as a little sea,



THE CAVALRY CHARGE

its palaces long, low, and vast. But high above this broad and widespread city rises the dome of the Cathedral of St. Isaac, symbolic of the national religious spirit; for, save a few notable exceptions, the Russians as a people are, you remember, habitually, nay, almost unconsciously devout. St. Isaac's is one of the wonder churches of the world. Upon four sides are porticos of pillars, each pillar a monolith of Finland granite fifty-five feet high. The interior is unspeakably magnificent,—its walls of lapis-lazuli and malachite, its icons and iconostasis of silver and of gold, of incalculable cost, and of unquestioned sanctity.



CHARGE!

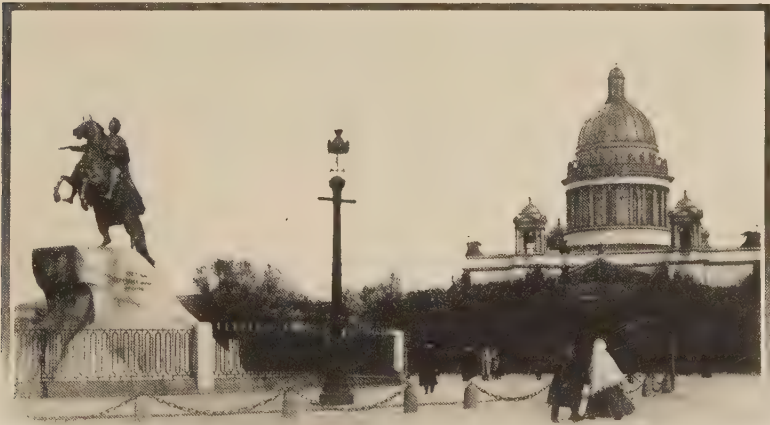


HIS MAJESTY THE TSAR



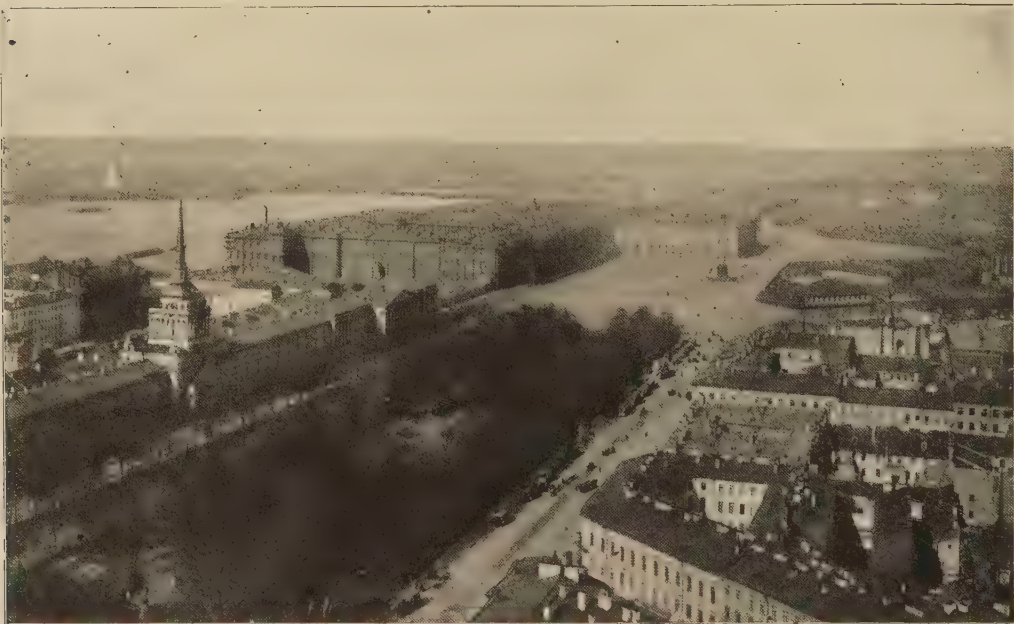
A HALTED SQUADRON

From the dizzy, winding way that leads skyward to the golden dome, we look down upon the sharp spire of the building called the Admiralty, where Peter the Great in the beginning of the eighteenth century worked with his own hands at building ships for Russia. That spire, like the gilded pointer of Russia's great professor of progress, Peter



ST. ISAAC'S

the First, points to-day the same lesson that Peter learned and taught to his successors. It reminds the Russians that they must strive unceasingly for seaports and for more seaports, for breathing-places by the sea; for a nation to be truly great, like the man who would attain to physical development must have an abundance of fresh air. Russians as individuals fear a draught with almost childish fear; but the chief ambition of Russia as a nation has been to open



BROAD PETERSBURG

wide great Russian doors upon the Baltic, the Arctic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, and the far-off Sea of Japan, that the winds of all the oceans may sweep across the mighty land they dwell in. The splendid monument to Peter that rises between St. Isaac's and the Neva, reminds us that his ambition always looked seaward for its fulfilment. The pedestal is the very rock on which he stood to watch his new-born



PILLARS OF THE PORTICO

For Petersburg, we know, was order, created by the ukase of a whose dream of progress must have appeared to his contemporaries as the hallucination of an insane man. He chose an impossible spot in which to do an impossible thing; but at his touch, magically energetic, impossibility became facility. Here there was no solid ground,—forests were felled, tree-trunks by the million were brought hither and sunk in the mud,

fleet, which he himself had helped to build, win its first victory over the Swedes near the bleak shores of Finland. The massive monolith was brought hither at tremendous cost and after conquering unheard-of difficulties, by Catherine the Second, that Peter's statue might look down from a pedestal of rock upon the city which he had caused to rise on the unstable islands of these marshes of the Neva.

made to
Tsar.



ST. ISAAC'S DOME



RUNNING THE GANTLET OF BEGGARS

acres of firm land appeared ;
here there was no building
material,—at his com-
mand ships were com-
pelled to bring stone

LOOKING
DOWN UPON
THE ADMIRALTY

ballast, and miles of
dwellings, palaces, and
churches arose. Peter
called the wilderness a

THE ADMIRALTY ARCH



LOOKING TOWARD THE BALTIC



PETER, THE CITY BUILDER

city. Men believed him and came to dwell within it. By virtue of his will does Petersburg exist. Well may it bear his name, for he conceived it, built it, peopled it, ruled it, and gave it, impregnated with his genius, into the hands of his Imperial successors. It is, to the very letter of the words, Peter's City,—Petersburg.





MOSCOW



MOSCOW

MOSCOW is in every sense the metropolis of Russia. While the site of St. Petersburg was only an expanse of barren marshes, the Imperial ancestors of Peter dwelt in palaces of stone upon the Kremlin Hill.

Moscow is even older than the Empire. She is indeed the mother city of the Russians. The history of Moscow until the founding of St. Petersburg is the history of Russia. The old and the new capitals are strikingly dissimilar. St. Petersburg, with a population of one million three hundred

thousand, is an artificial product, forced into being by the imperious will of one astounding man,—the man whose name it bears, Peter the Great.

Moscow, which has to-day a population of nearly one million, is the natural outgrowth of a mighty people: the center toward which the Slavonic race has always looked for inspiration, in politics and in religion: the stronghold whence the early Tsars of Muscovy reached out for the dominion of the Slavonic world. St. Petersburg is European; Moscow is Muscovite. Petersburg stands stiffly on the flat islands of the Neva, rigid in her assumed, imported architectural garb of Roman arches and Grecian façades.

Moscow sits gracefully in the fair valley of the Moskva, robed in the green of gardens, wearing with pride and distinction her semi-oriental splendors, crowned with a diadem of blue and golden domes. St. Petersburg impresses—Moscow fascinates, the traveler. From St. Petersburg to



THE MOSCOW GATE, ST. PETERSBURG

Moscow the distance is about four hundred miles, as the crow flies. Our train will emulate the crow, for the railway runs in a bee-line to the old capital. It is a most significant illustration of autocratic power, this railway-line that turns aside for no natural barrier, that does not swerve from its



THE KREMLIN AND THE MOSKVA

straight course for any reason urged by expediency or the demands of Russian commerce or Russian industries. The railway shuns the towns and the factories; it traverses a marshy desert; it touches only one place of importance, and that one merely because it lies directly in its path. Why was it so constructed? Because the Tsar, Nicholas I, thus willed it. Several routes had been outlined by his ministers. The Tsar, rightly suspecting interested motives on the part of the champions of every scheme, by a bold action placed himself in the category with Solomon, Alexander, and Columbus. He laid a ruler on the map and drew a straight line from the new to the old capital, saying, "You will build the railway thus." Hence, to-day, the traveler speeds over four hundred



A COURIER TRAIN

miles of track, straight and unerring as the judgment of the Tsar, without a single political curve, or a single side-track leading into private pockets. Would that we had an honest Tsar presiding over every city council in our land! We complete the fourteen-hour journey during the night in a "Courier Train," approaching Moscow in the morning at what the Russians call high speed.



THE RAILWAY STATION



THE VLADIMIR GATE

From the first moment, Moscow impresses us as being unlike any other city in the world. To be unique is the chief charm of a city, and undoubtedly Moscow is unique. Within ten minutes after our arrival we have seen a hundred



THE ILINSKAYA GATE



A BOULEVARD

curious things that we have never seen before. Details appeal to me perhaps too strongly to insure a proper balance in summing up impressions of travel; still, I maintain that the illusion of reality in our photographic journeys can be most vividly produced by dwelling on the little things that may appear at first altogether too trivial and insignificant to mention. Frankly, I did not come to study Moscow, I came to *see* what Moscow had to show, and to enjoy such new



A PROMENADE



THE SOUKAREFF TOWER

sensations as she would vouchsafe me.

For those who ask for history and statistics, there are ponderous tomes in every library where the deeds of Moscow's makers and the volume of her commerce are set down in full. We for the moment are more interested in the picturesque peculiarities of everyday street-life and in the novel aspect of all things Muscovite.

All that we see delights us, because it is all Russian. The walls, the gates, the towers, and the chapels, the blue and golden domes that we have read about, are here—but they are even more picturesque and richer in color than we had dared to hope. Of course, this pictorial quaintness and brilliancy



FROM THE SOUKAREFF TOWER



HATTERS

cannot go on *crescendo* throughout the entire period of our experiences in Moscow. In a city of a million people there must be long avenues of commonplaceness, interminable stretches of monotony, paved (as we soon discover) with



TAILORS

the cruelest cobblestones that have ever racked a carriage. The houses in the residential quarters are not high; two stories is the rule, three the exception, and four almost extraordinary. In a great many of the broader boulevards, trees are ranged in quadruple rows, bordering a central promenade which



THE CLOTHING MARKET



BOLCHAYA MOSKOVSKAYA GASTINITSA

is almost entirely shut off from the traffic of the noisy street upon both sides by screens of verdure.

But everywhere, like the dominant notes of a sacred symphony, we see the little golden domes fixed on the blue page of the sky,—the expression of a harmonic chord written by the hand of faith above this most religious and devout of Russian cities. Over Moscow, domes, like the stars of old,



THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM

seem to sing together in the heavens. Some are green—like the trees and the roofs of Moscow; some are blue—like the skies and the eyes of the Russians; but most are gold—like the treasures and icons of Orthodoxy that sleep in the safe guardianship of the silent old churches.

An excellent point of vantage for a bird's-eye view of Moscow is the summit of the Soukhareff Tower which was built about 1690 by Peter the Great, and named in honor of a regiment that had protected him, when, in his childhood, the faction called the Strelitz rose against him. It has been, by turns, seat of the Council of State, Council Chamber of a Masonic Lodge, Naval School, and College of Admiralty, and it is now a water-tower, containing a vast reservoir. Around



THE SLAVIANSKY BAZAR



DINING-HALL IN THE HOTEL DU BAZAR SLAVE

the tower surges on every Sunday morning a market where the mujiks come to buy hats and caps and various articles of clothing; but strange to say we do not see a single Jew in this commercial mob. There are a few Tatar merchants, with unpleasing faces and with a

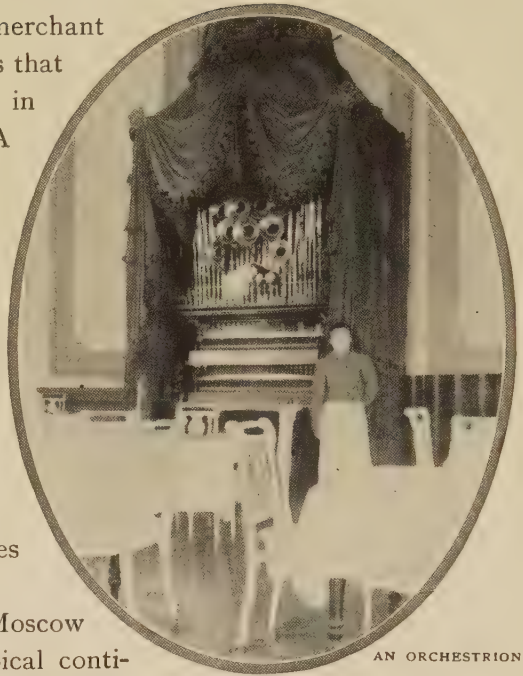
greasy, Oriental air about them that inclines us to favor the equally fragrant, but decidedly more healthy-looking Russians.



THE GRAND THEATER

A tableau formed by a hat-merchant and his customer reminds us that human nature is the same in all parts of the world. A similar tableau may be witnessed every day in the shops of Knox or Dunlap; the same insistent seller—the same embarrassed buyer—liking the new hat not half so well as the old one he is now discarding, and yet dreading not to buy for fear the salesman will think he does not know his own mind.

The caravansaries of Moscow are of two kinds: the typical conti-



AN ORCHESTRION



IN THE AQUARIUM GARDENS

mental hotel, and the Russian Gastinitza, of which the Bolchaya Moskovskaya Gastinitza is the most magnificent. In every detail it is thoroughly Russian. The foreigner who can speak the language will find that the native Gastinitza is far more attractive than the hy-

brid hotels; but if he speaks not the Slavonic tongue, he had better patronize the celebrated Slaviansky Bazar, where the servants have a slight knowledge of the continental languages. On entering the salle-



STAINED GLASS FROM AMERICA

à-manger of the Slaviansky Bazar — one of the most famous in Russia — a traveler said, “Why,” “I thought the Slaviansky Bazar was an old slave market!” In reality it is nothing but a big hotel,—a rambling bazar or gathering place for the Slavs who come to see the mother city of the Slavonic Empire. One feature of the Russian restaurants



THE RESTAURANT OF THE AQUARIUM

that strikes the ear is a gigantic automatic organ or orchestration which heaves, blows, thumps, and bangs out old-fashioned bits from "Mignon," "Martha," and the "Mascotte."

The largest open space in Moscow is the Square of the Theaters, bounded on three sides by temples of the drama, of which the largest is one of the most splendid theaters in the world, having places for four thousand auditors. But as our visit comes in June, we find the theaters closed in favor of the summer gardens, which form a distinctive attraction in all Russian cities. At the Aquarium patrons have the





THE SANDOUNOVSKAYA BATHS

choice of four different kinds of entertainment. Upon an open stage, troops of Russian peasants perform their wonderfully acrobatic dances, and sing their weird and elemental songs, strong, vigorous, national chants, ballads which sound to us refreshingly noble and poetic—a most blessed relief to American ears, which are so often offended in our popular resorts with that despicable musical perversion, appropriately known as “ra-



IN A RUSSIAN BATH

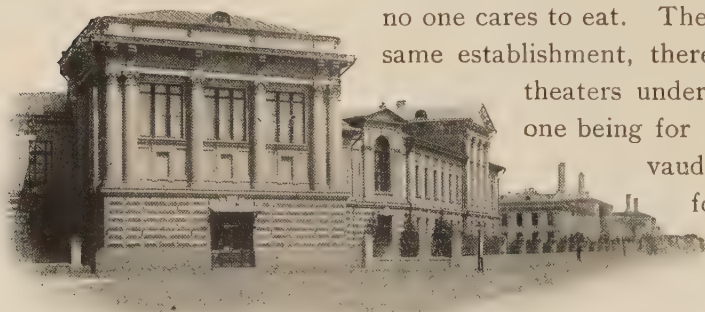


A MODERN EDIFICE

time," so shameless and so cheap in its vivid suggestion of vulgarity. May its vogue be brief!

Then there is a splendid restaurant, lighted like a cathedral with beautiful stained-glass, imported by the way from the United States; not, however, of ecclesiastical design. Dinners are served at a cost of from sixty-five cents to a dollar and fifteen cents; but if you come after hours, the prices *à la carte* are startlingly out of proportion, and, curiously enough, the regular dinner-hour is fixed at a time when

no one cares to eat. Then, in this same establishment, there are two theaters under the roof, one being for high-class vaudeville performances,



CLINIC OF THE UNIVERSITY



THE KOUZNETSKY MOST



THE TVERSKAYA

and the other for grand opera sung by the artists who in the winter season grace the boards of the Imperial opera-houses.

Moscow is usually regarded as a beautiful but backward, almost medieval, city. Let us correct this false impression with a few glimpses of her modern aspects. Even in such details as grocery-stores, Moscow is not behind New York, and is far ahead of Paris, as is proved by an illustration

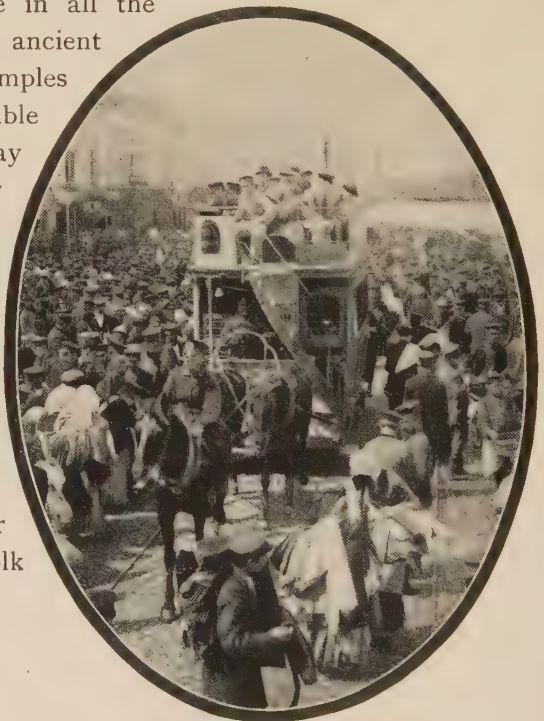


OF THE MASSES



FÊTE POPULAIRE

showing the interior of a superb establishment situated in the Tverskaya. Russia is usually regarded as the home of the unwashed. Nowhere in all the world, save possibly in ancient Rome, have any nobler temples been erected to the admirable god of cleanliness. To-day the public baths of Moscow are the finest in the world. The famous Sandounovskaya baths are housed in a palatial structure three stories high, covering one city block, and entirely devoted to various kinds of baths, from the cheap "scrubbery" for mujiks, where common folk



A MOSCOW TRAM



POSTILIONS



RIOUS MUJIK

are made clean for seven copecks, or three cents and a half, to the rich private suites fitted with wonderful devices for steam heat, dry heat, showers, massage, friction, and repose, the treatment sometimes costing several dollars. But the most popular department is that of the ordinary Russian bath, which

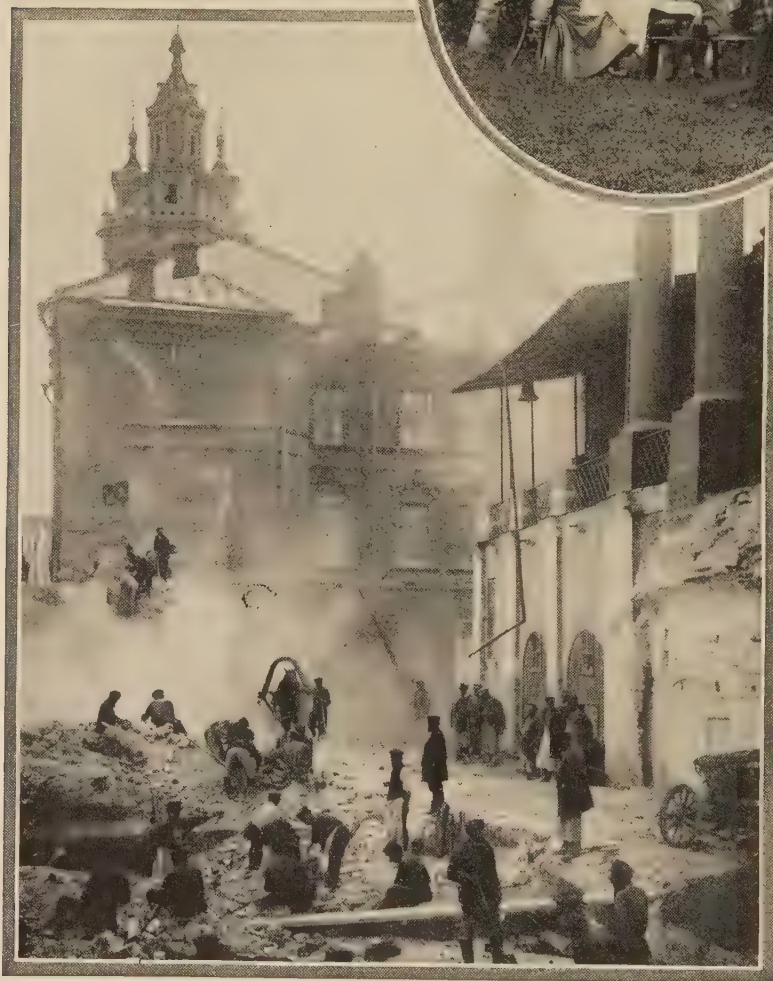


PEASANT WOMEN

costs about half a dollar, and is thronged every afternoon by the business men of Moscow. There we invariably sought refreshment and rejuvenation at the close of our long days of sightseeing and photographic work. As for



THE OMNIPOTENT
SAMOVA



DEMOLITION



THE TERRACE AT THE SPARROW HILLS

public institutions, the new clinic of the university is one of the best equipped in Europe, with beds for six hundred patients, while the Foundling Asylum is the largest in the world, caring for 33,000 babies in the course of the year. It is supported by a tax on playing cards.

Russia is usually regarded as the home of semi-savages, glazed over with a veneer of polish, through which the bar-



FEASTING ON CAVIAR AND VISTAS

baric Tatar is instantly attainable by the finger-nails of those who dare to scratch the Russian. But nowhere in all the world have I found the police so unfailingly polite, or the people more considerate and courteous to the foreigner. I



PANORAMA FROM

do not speak without experience. I took seven hundred photographs in Moscow,—I had seven hundred interviews with policemen. Each one began with a salute, a courteous demand to see my permit-papers, or my “bou-maga”; then a careful perusal of the permits, an apology, and a farewell salute.

I did my best to get arrested, knowing that such a happy mishap would delight my managers at home, for it would result in much gratuitous publicity. I nearly succeeded on the day of a great popular fête. My permits to photograph in Moscow did not cover such occasions. The



VIRGINS OF THE SISTERHOOD

officer politely begged us to ask permission to make a motion-picture of the scene from the commissaire. Our guide goes off in search of that official while we set up the instruments. As he does not return, and as the crowd about us is increas-



THE SPARROW HILLS



A MODERN TOMB

ing, we turn on the machine, make the picture, pack up and take our places in our cab. At last the guide comes with the answer of the commissaire, who refuses our request, saying that he fears that we may create a tumult. Therefore the picture of the carrousel is only an optical illusion for, officially, we never made it. Then we mingle with the happy crowds, quietly snapping right and left, but apparently not attracting any

attention, until a big policeman informs me that he has orders to take me into custody, unless I leave the grounds at once. While meeting our protesting arguments with courtesy, he cleverly edges us outside the limits of this recreation-ground, and then, having performed the letter of his instructions, refuses to arrest us. But he takes the number of the cab and writes down the replies of the frightened driver, whom he questions as to our lodging-place and nationality.

But I was not the only man led off the field that day. No; there were several others who made inglorious exits from the festive scene, as is confirmed by the picture of a tipsy mujik, which reminds us of a popular slang-expression so apt in this connection that I must beg leave to use the term—it is “a joyful jag.” Let those who disapprove and refuse to comprehend the picturesque language written by George Ade and Billy Baxter, and spoken by the Weber-fieldians, look in their dictionaries, and they will find that “jag” has two legitimate applications in this case; for the word “jag” is defined in the Century Dictionary both as a “zigzag” and as “a lot, a load, or a quantity.” The mujik, when engaged in conveying his “lot, load, and



A CARROUSEL

quantity" along his "zigzag" homeward way, is the most hopelessly hilarious individual in the world. The universe is his, he loves it; he worships every passer-by, even to the point of fond embraces; he sings and laughs and shouts and



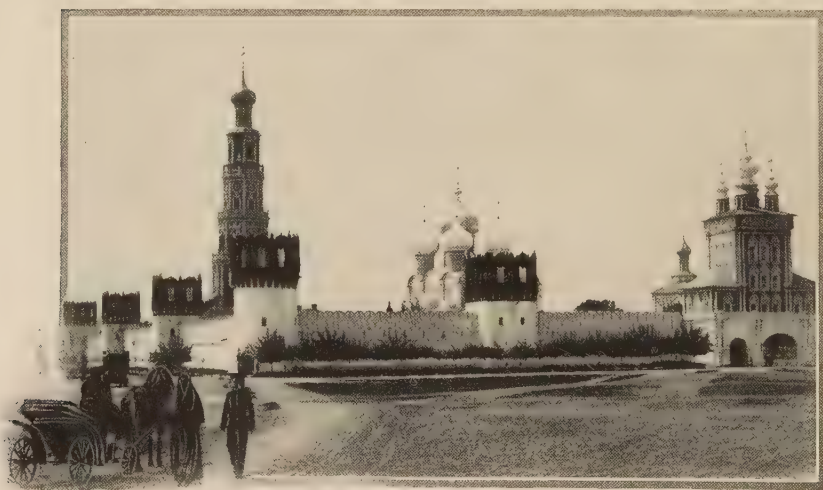
MOSCOW SEEN FROM THE SPARROW HILLS

staggers in such a hearty, happy, and good-humored way that we forgive him all his sins instantaneously, because he is so open-hearted and so merry, without a single trace of the surliness and brutality that immoderate indulgence in wine or beer usually brings to the Anglo-Saxon toper.

But if vodka claims its usual toll of victims among the working-classes, tea is the panacea of both rich and poor—the samovar is the salvation of the thirsty Russians, and counts its devotees by millions. The Muscovite's conception of perfect bliss includes a glass, a pot of tea, and the samovar singing beside him in the wilderness. The traveler learns to love the samovar. Its comforting omnipresence is one of the joys of Russian travel; hot water, strong delicious tea, may be had at any time of day or night, and everywhere—in trains, hotels, or in suburban woods, where the bright brass machine may be rented for a few copecks a day.

The Russians are extremely fond of nature. On holidays the city folk flock to the woods at the base of what are called the Sparrow Hills — a height whence Moscow was first viewed in 1812 by Napoleon. A breezy restaurant is perched upon the crest, and there we may feast on caviar and vistas simultaneously. We observe with silent commendation the characteristic costume of the Russian waiter, the white blouse and trousers, spotless apron and red sash, decidedly better adapted to the needs of his vocation than the black, graceless, spotted, and unkempt dress-coat that airs its shabby gentility in the restaurants of other countries.

But we came here to enjoy the panorama. We were not disappointed, although a photograph must of necessity make Moscow microscopic from this point of view. One feature only stands out with appreciable relief—the vast square enceinte of a convent on the left. It is the Novo Devitchy Monastyr, or New Convent of the Virgins. Founded in 1524, the convent has known many royal inmates—one, a Tsarina who voluntarily cloistered herself within its walls; one, the ambitious sister of Peter the Great, who was imprisoned there, and from her windows saw the execution of the Strelitz



NOVO DEVITCHY CONVENT



THE REFECTORY

leaders who had supported her presumptions to the throne. The ensemble is strikingly beautiful in color and in form. It is impossible to picture the intense red of the towers, impossible to lavish too much gilding on the domes. The gates



THE MIDDAY MEAL

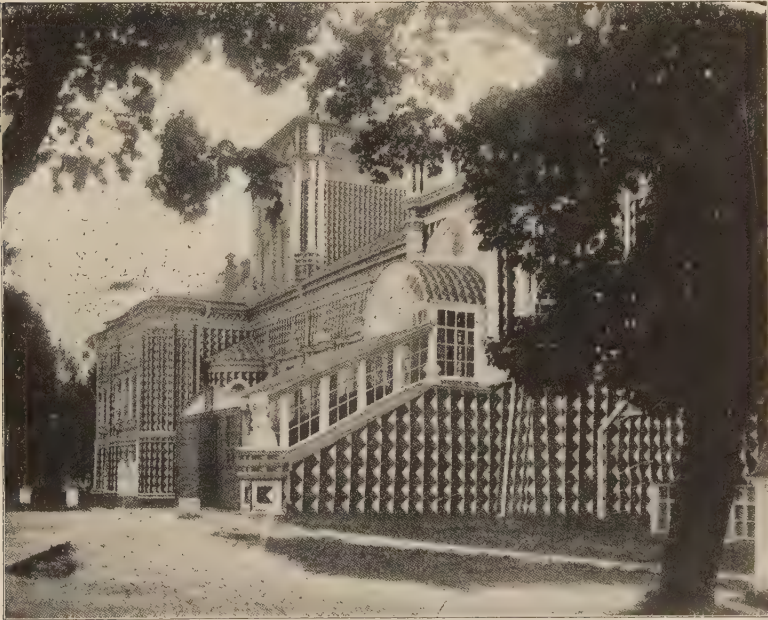
are wide open and unguarded. We enter freely, finding ourselves in a broad open space with modern tombs upon one side. Two of the black-robed virgins of the Sisterhood turn their young faces toward the graves as we approach. We wander into several churches, listen to the chanting of a



SIMONOFF MONASTERY

female choir, and then, as no one pays the slightest heed to us, we push our investigations further to find ourselves in the refectory. Then we are finally discovered by the Mother Superior. She cordially insists that we shall stay to luncheon with her flock of solemn little women, who presently file in and take their places. One sister reads a lesson from the book, the others perform miracles—that is, they eat the awful food that is set down before them, and drink the revolting kvass, made from the crumbs of old, black, bitter bread. We paid dearly for the picture of the refectory. We had to eat of the same fare, and *we were not* used to it. Then, to our horror, after we had succeeded in doing rebellious justice

to a revolting soup, the kind old mother, wishing to honor the strangers, sent with her compliments, two pewter plates brimming with a still more impossible concoction, which she had ordered especially for us. We base our claim to a place in the Orthodox Paradise upon the fact that we consumed that extra dose. Before departing we made an offering of several roubles, whereupon the ancient dame, lifting her hands in benison, exclaimed: "The Americans are the only people who should be allowed to exist!" The Simonoff Monastery upon the eastern outskirts of the city is one of the richest and most beautiful of the many monastic abodes that abound in and about Moscow. The same fortress-like walls and towers, the same tall belfry, and the same hospitably open gates through which we pass to visit the six separate churches of the institution, of which the prettiest is that of the five domes, called the Summer Church, while the most striking is the Winter Church, where on the day of our



THE WINTER CHURCH

visit they are holding the last service of the season ; for spring has come, and it is moving day at Simonoff.

The Madonna, who throughout the winter period has been worshipped in this storm-proof basilica, must be transferred this very noon to her summer sanctuary. We are in time to witness the procession. A crowd of fanatical peasant women follow the procession from church to church, wringing their hands, and crying and sobbing as if in agony. Why they should thus bewail, as their favorite icon is carried to her most gorgeous shrine, we could not understand. The only answer inquiry brought forth was that it was a custom, but whence derived no one could tell. On arrival at the Summer Church their lamentations ceased suddenly, proving that the women were not really moved.

There is much food for the reflection of the judicious in the contrast between the poverty-stricken people who



FOLLOWING THE ICON



A VENERABLE MONK

frequent the churches and the incalculable hidden riches of the religious orders. It would be rash to hazard a guess as to the value of the evangiles and icons in the old treasury of Simonoff; while they are of solid gold and silver, these metals are comparatively valueless, a mere background on which shimmer constellations of diamonds and conflagrations of glowing rubies and Milky Ways of



INFORMATION



ICONS

precious pearls. It can almost be believed that there are as many pearls in Russia as there are grains of sand upon her shores. In every church and monastery we see not only icons studded thick with pearls, but episcopal miters that look like sugar-loaves of pearls, and vestments—long-flowing sacerdotal robes—so stiff



ICONOSTASIS



REPOSE

with pearls embroidered into them that they cannot be folded, and would, if stood upright on the floor, remain erect without support, as if the spirit shapes of long-departed priests were holding them for our inspection.

And then, in cruel contrast to this useless heaping up of unproductive wealth, is the black, hopeless poverty of the devout and faithful mujiks who come by hundreds bringing their meager offerings to the monks, accepting in exchange a bowl of soup, a slab of black bread, and a blessing. The Russian serfs were freed in 1861 from their corporeal bondage, but they still wear the manacles of ignorance and grossest superstition. It were an affront to the word "religion" to apply it to some of the exhibitions of almost fetish-worship of sticks and bones and tatters that I witnessed during an influx of peasant pilgrims at the Troitsa Monastery. I am not often moved; but I confess that one



day, after looking at a mob of peasants fighting for a chance to pay for the privilege of kissing the frontal bone of some defunct old worthy laid out in a silver coffin, beside which ministers of God sat collecting fees, I turned away with tears



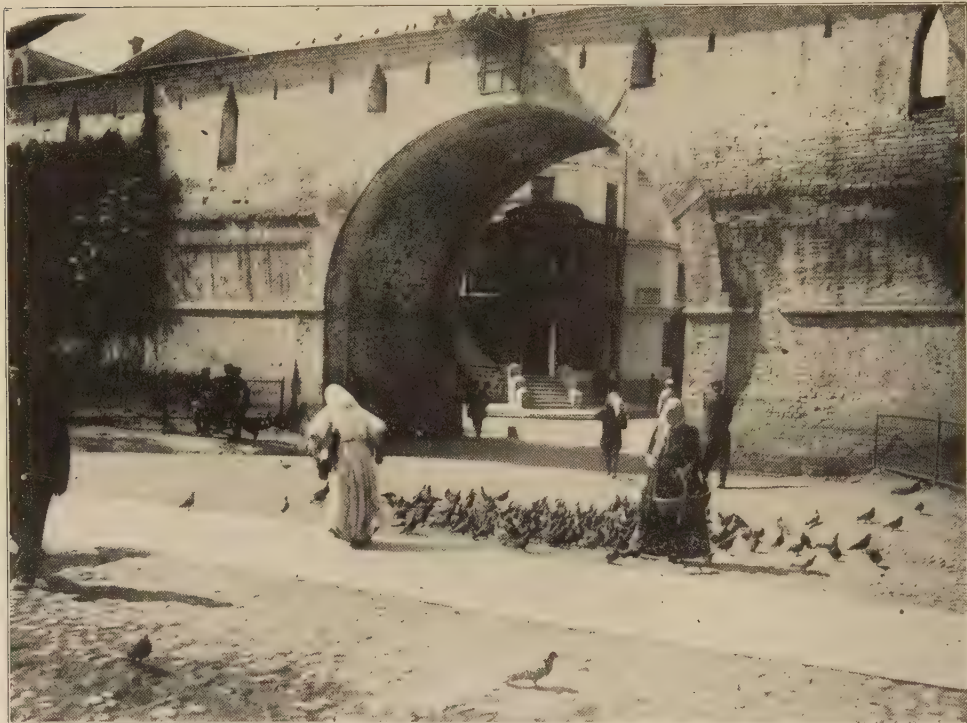


of indignation at the thought that the religious instinct, innate in man for his salvation, should be so shamelessly exploited. There is so much that is beautiful and impressive in



MUJIK PILGRIMS

the Russian form of worship, and the church is so rich that it could well afford to discourage these pitiable scenes which are painful to all intelligent witnesses, and which must grieve even those who profess the Orthodox belief. But, however we may deprecate the extravagant practices of the ignorant classes, reprehensible upon merely sanitary ground-



WALL OF THE "CHINESE CITY"

—for the indiscriminate kissing of relics and icons must be a sure and constant means for the dissemination of disease-germs—we must confess that many of the religious expressions of the Russians denote a faith well founded and sincere.

Religion with the Russian is an affair of every day, and almost every minute of every hour in the day is he reminded by the church that something is expected of him. In the



SACRED PIGEONS

streets of Moscow are the sacred pigeons, which must be fed at the expense of pious passers-by, who buy the corn with which to feed the ever-hungry flocks from the old women stationed at various street-corners where the birds congregate. A few copecks are given; the old woman crosses herself, mutters a prayer, and tosses several handfuls of grain upon the pavement; and instantly the sky darkens as a cloud of feathered pensioners swoop down from the neighboring eaves. The pigeons are found in great numbers on the wall of the Kitai Gorod, or "Chinese City," a name that carries us back to the days of the Mongol domination of Moscow.

Of Tatar rule few evidences now remain; even the traces of the early Muscovite period have been obliterated by



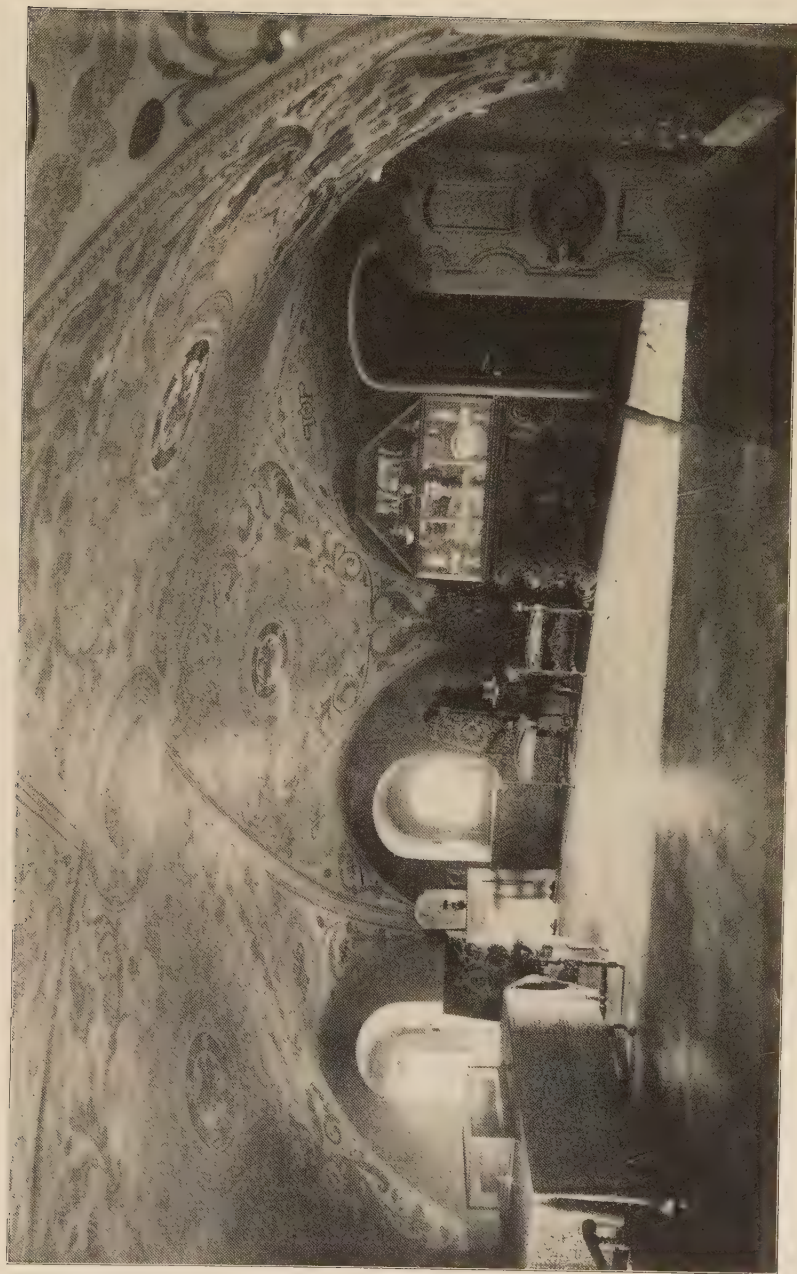
HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFFS

successive conflagrations and rebuildings of the city. There is but one house left to illustrate how the Russian noblemen or Boyards lived, three hundred years ago. It is called the House of the Romanoffs, for it was the birthplace of Michael Feodorovitch, founder of the present dynasty, who became Tsar in 1613. Every detail of the domestic life led by the men who made Moscow great may be studied within these



THE FINEST PRIVATE HOUSE IN MOSCOW

walls. On the ground-floor we see the kitchen where the meats were cooked ; above, the low-ceiled rooms where the lord and master of the mansion dwelt ; and on the topmost floor the quarters for the women, who, as in Oriental countries, were secluded in their own apartments, known as the Terem. A glimpse of the interior reveals an atmosphere of luxury and coziness not found in modern palaces. We can imagine the comforting sense of seclusion afforded by these



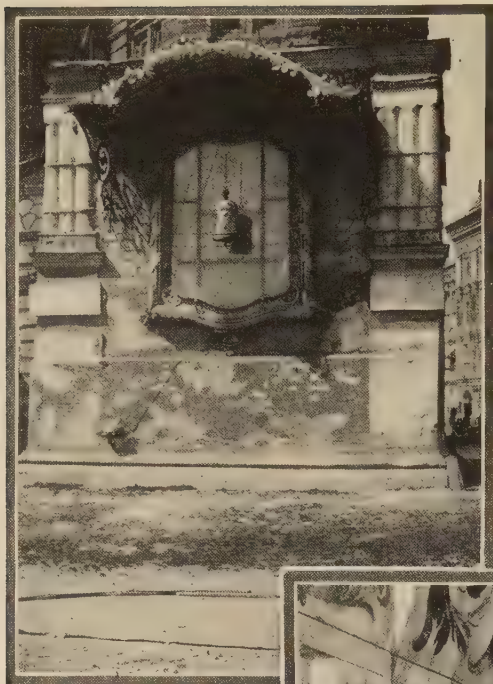
IN THE HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFFS

thick walls, microscopic windows, and low, congenial ceilings during the long, dark evenings of the northern winter, when arctic blasts beat against the dense old walls and snow swirled vainly past the narrow casements.

In the same massive style, but far more ornate and magnificent, is the modern dwelling recently constructed in another quarter by a Siberian millionaire. It is undoubtedly the finest private residence in Russia, and the most appropriate in design and execution; for it is typically Muscovite,



A GROCERY-STORE



A SACRED PICTURE

and France. One more reminder of an architecture that is now no more is the unspeakably fantastic church of Vassily-Blajenni or St. Basil, a mendicant monk of the sixteenth century said to have been as crazy as the design of his marvelous memorial. Description falters, words lose color, phrases utterly

and, although boasting every twentieth century convenience, is ponderously suggestive of the good old days before the perversity of Peter the Great forced on Russia an art and architecture whose productions are but composite imitations of what the imperial traveler had seen in Holland, Germany,



BENEATH ST. BASIL'S DOMES

fail to frame this structural monstrosity, so monstrous in its ugliness that it is positively beautiful. Every civilization and every epoch has produced its characteristic pile. In the church of Vassily-Blajenni are distinctly typified the civilization of the early Muscovite and the fearful reign of Ivan the Terrible, the Nero of the Slavonic race. Just as Ivan's imperial torturer brought his victims to an ecstasy



THE RED SQUARE

of agony so intense that they knew not whether they were suffering pain or pleasure, so this creation of his architect tortures our eyes, until we exclaim in one and the same breath, "How hideous!—how beautiful!" and know not which expression voices our true feeling. We know not whether to praise or blame the Tsar Ivan, who put out the eyes of the unhappy designer of this church lest he should build another like it. The interior is extremely curious.



THE TRETIAKOFF GALLERY

Tiny cells or chapels under every dome; low narrow doorways pierced in walls so thick that we can easily imagine that the church was sculptured from one gigantic block of stone, in which the little caverns and their connecting corridors had been laboriously mined and hollowed. Or, again,

we have the sensation of wandering through the passages



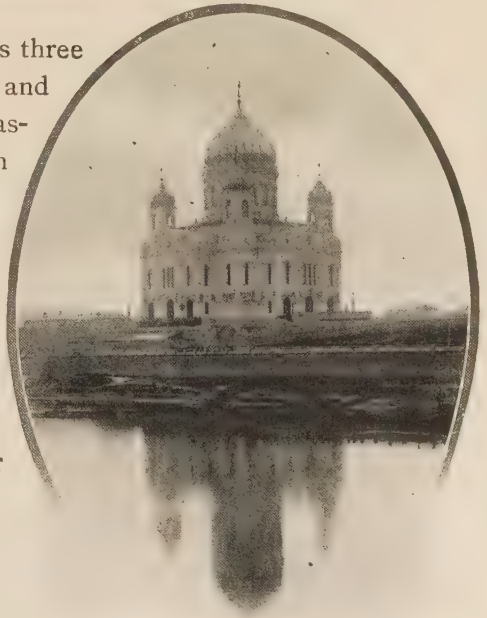
ROUMIANTSOFF MUSEUM



IN THE RIADY

roofed classical Riady! It has three aisles of equal length, breadth, and height, and six transverse passages, shorter but quite as high and roomy as the longitudinal arcades. The Riady is more than a city in itself; it is almost a nation, an electric-lighted, steam-heated land to which all Moscow can resort for business and for pleasure during the long, dark winter

of richly frescoed catacombs. But in Moscow the medieval and the modern are everywhere face to face. Fronting on the same great square is the magnificent arcade which is called the Riady, the finest and most commodious structure of its kind in Europe, surpassing the splendid galleries in Naples and Milan. What a tremendous contrast in construction between the flat-walled and fantastic church and the light, crystal-



MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL

of this northern latitude, and enjoy the illusion of summer while the streets outside are blocked with snow.

The sights of Moscow are chiefly Moscow itself and the Kremlin, which we shall visit last of all ; but of course there are museums, picture-galleries, and churches that are of supreme interest. In the superb old palace of the Roumiantsoff there are ethnological collections of great interest ; across the river in the Tretiakoff Gallery is a collection of 1500 canvases, by Russian painters. But these things call for days, and we have only minutes to dispose of, and, moreover, we see in the distance something that commands attention. It is the splendid church of Christa Spasitelya, or, as we would say it,

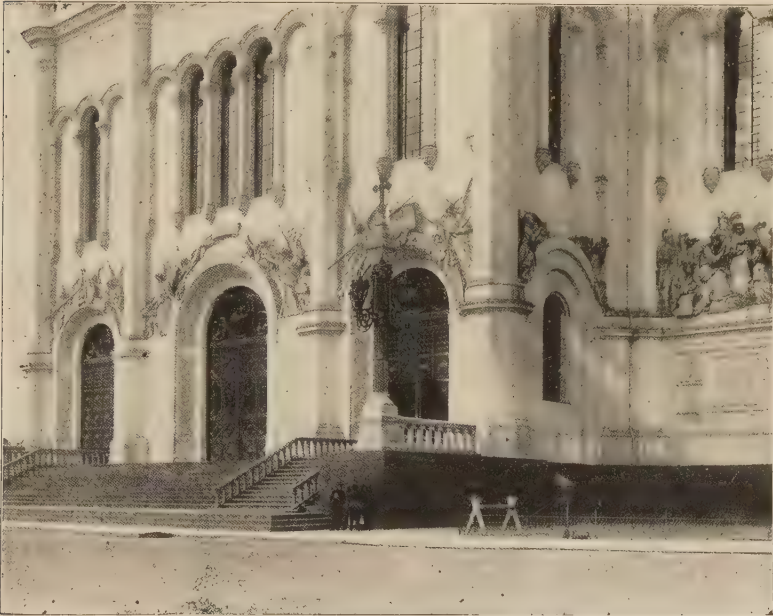


THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SAVIOR



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SAVIOR

“Christ the Redeemer.” It is usually called the church of the Holy Savior. It commemorates the saving of the fatherland from the aggressions of Napoleon in 1812. As we look upon this superb memorial, our thoughts involuntarily go back to that historic, simple monument that may be seen near Vilna in Poland. On one side of the stone there are engraved the words, “Napoleon Buonaparte passed this way in 1812, with four hundred thousand men”; and on the

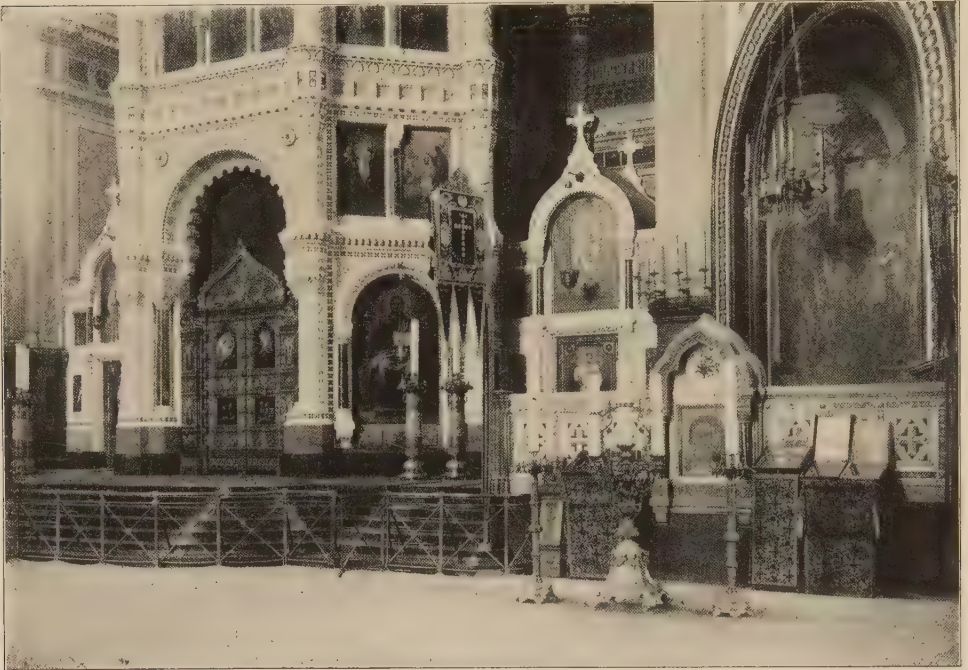


PORTAL OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SAVIOR

other side “Napoleon Buonaparte passed this way in 1812 with nine thousand men.” The story of a tremendous tragedy never was written in fewer or more expressive words.

The original plan was to erect a great memorial upon the crest of the Sparrow Hills, whence Buonaparte first looked with triumph upon the city of his dream; but after ten years had been devoted to the laying of foundations, Nicholas I abandoned the idea, and ordered the commencement of the

temple upon its present site, within a half-mile of the Kremlin. Begun in 1837, the edifice was finished only in 1883, and is therefore the most modern, as well as the most splendid monument in Moscow. Variety is the spice of travel, just as it is the spice of life. Golden domes and marble walls and shrines of malachite, however wonderful, begin in time to pall upon our overfeasted eyes; we cry for change



MAGNIFICENT DETAILS

and lo!—all Moscow blazes with the posters of a gorgeous show, the first floral-parade, or *bataille de fleurs*, ever held so near the Arctic Circle. Everybody predicted failure for the floral fête, and people flocked by thousands to the race-course on the day appointed, many coming with the hope that they might see their dire predictions justified.

We fell in with the crowd, rather, we fell into the hands of an exorbitant droski-driver, and found ourselves whirling



THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH

down the Tverskaya, out through the Arch of Triumph, now profaned by a trolley-line, and along the suburban boulevard to the entrance of the most imposing race-course in the world. The grand-stand is about half a mile from the outer



ENTRANCE TO THE RACE-COURSE



THE GRAND-STAND

gate. The alley leading thence was jammed with vehicles on the day of the expected fiasco. The police at the grand-stand had all that they could do to get the cabs and carriages, troïkas, and tarantasses out of the way in time to



THE GRAND DUCAL BOX



A GARDEN ON WHEELS

clear the approach for the imperial patrons of the charitable fete, the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor General of Moscow, the Grand Duchess, and their aristocratic suite.



THE BATTLE RAGES

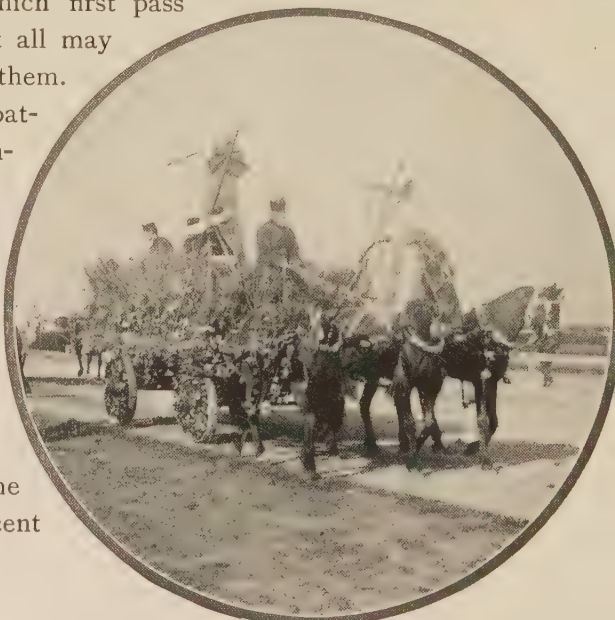


A DAINTILY
DECORATED TRAP

After a fearful struggle at the gates we found ourselves on the course, armed with a permit from the courteous Grand Master of Police. On either side are boxes filled with the rank and fashion of the city, well provided with the floral ammunition piled high in countless baskets. The persons who had planned the fête made it a success from

the artistic point of view; the skeptics who came to witness the fiasco insured an even greater triumph on the financial side. Not even Nice has ever seen a finer show than that presented by the Russian traps which first pass slowly in review, that all may observe and admire them.

A little later the battle begins and rages until nightfall. Millions of bouquets were thrown, bouquets imported from the south of France; hundreds of pretty frocks were ruined; scores of hats were badly smashed, for some of the apparently innocent



A RURAL FLOAT

projectiles were loaded, and weighed several pounds apiece. It reminded one of the palmy days upon the Riviera before the Carnival became the fixed perfunctory thing it is to-day.

This being the first time that Moscow had ever indulged in this ruinously costly, but supremely pretty pastime, the



ONE OF THE BELLES

Muscovites went mad in their enthusiasm and excitement; the padded coachmen were the only individuals impervious to the hilarity that prevailed so long as a single carriage remained upon the track. Nay, longer; for after all the original combatants had left the field strewn with ten million flowers, the crowds upon the grand-stand possessed themselves of the abandoned missiles, and carried on an infantry-battle of flowers, regiments of spectators bombarding one



FIRING FLORAL BROADSIDES

another, shouting, laughing, and screaming with merriment until at dark the police ordered them away.

We supped that evening with the fashionable mob at one of the *cafés-chantants* in the Petrovsky Park. Upon the edge of the suburban "*bois*" of Moscow stands a palace of red brick called the Château Petrovsky, where the Tsars are lodged when they come to Moscow to be crowned, and



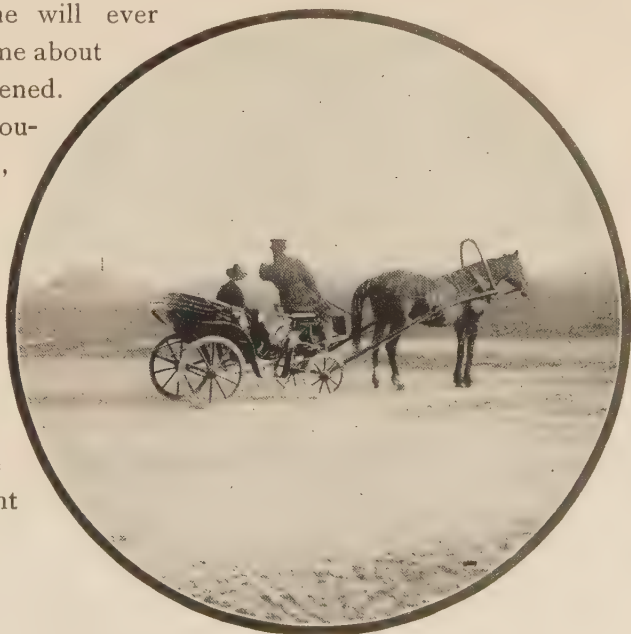
THE CHÂTEAU PETROVSKY



LOOKING TOWARD THE KHODYNSKY POLE

whither they retire after their ceremony at the Kremlin. But Nicholas did not return thither after his coronation in 1896. We know full well why he holds and will ever hold this place in horror, for its windows command the fatal field called the Khodynsky Polé, scene of that awful tragedy of the coronation crush, when thousands of helpless peasants crowded themselves to death or mutilation in their eagerness to taste the bounty of the Tsar, and to receive imperial souvenirs. No one will ever know just how it came about or just what happened. Three hundred thousand men, women, and children of the poorer class were gathered together here, peasant pilgrims from many provinces, most of that multitude having slept upon the field that they might

12



SCENE OF THE CORONATION CRUSH

be at hand for the promised free distribution of food, drink, and coronation-cups. At daybreak the still poorer populace of Moscow rolled its unruly tide of festive misery out from the back streets and alleys of the industrial quarters, all surging toward a common center, around which were already massed a quarter of a million people. Tighter and tighter grew the press, until those acres of serried humanity began to sway and roll like an awakened sea under the stress of sudden



THE MOSCOW HOME OF TOLSTOI

gusts of terror. Madness then took possession of the mob, and, helpless in its immensity, it ground out the lives of fourteen hundred of its atoms and maimed and mutilated many thousands more. Meantime, at the Kremlin, Nicholas, stepping before a gathering of earthly royalties, placed the great crown of all the Russias on his head, and swore in the hearing of the King of Kings that he would save, protect, and

uplift the people confided to his care. But no blame can attach to the Tsar for the catastrophe. The blinded, ignorant multitude that did itself to death but typifies the helplessness of strength and numbers when left without the rudder of intelligence and cut loose from the anchor of authority. Till Russia's masses shall, through the slow beneficent influences of education, become intelligent, the safety of the nation lies



THE HOTEL AT TULA

in absolute autocracy. This consideration may throw new light upon some of the problems discussed by Russian reformers and their foreign critics. Suppose the dream of Tolstoi to be at once realized in Russia. Disband the army, muster out the costly corps of police, abolish courts of law,—even law itself,—give absolute independence of thought and action to the hundred million souls who have not learned to think or

act, and the Russian masses, like the vast multitude that trampled down the victims of the coronation crush, would inevitably annihilate thousands in the terrible maelstrom of a national catastrophe.

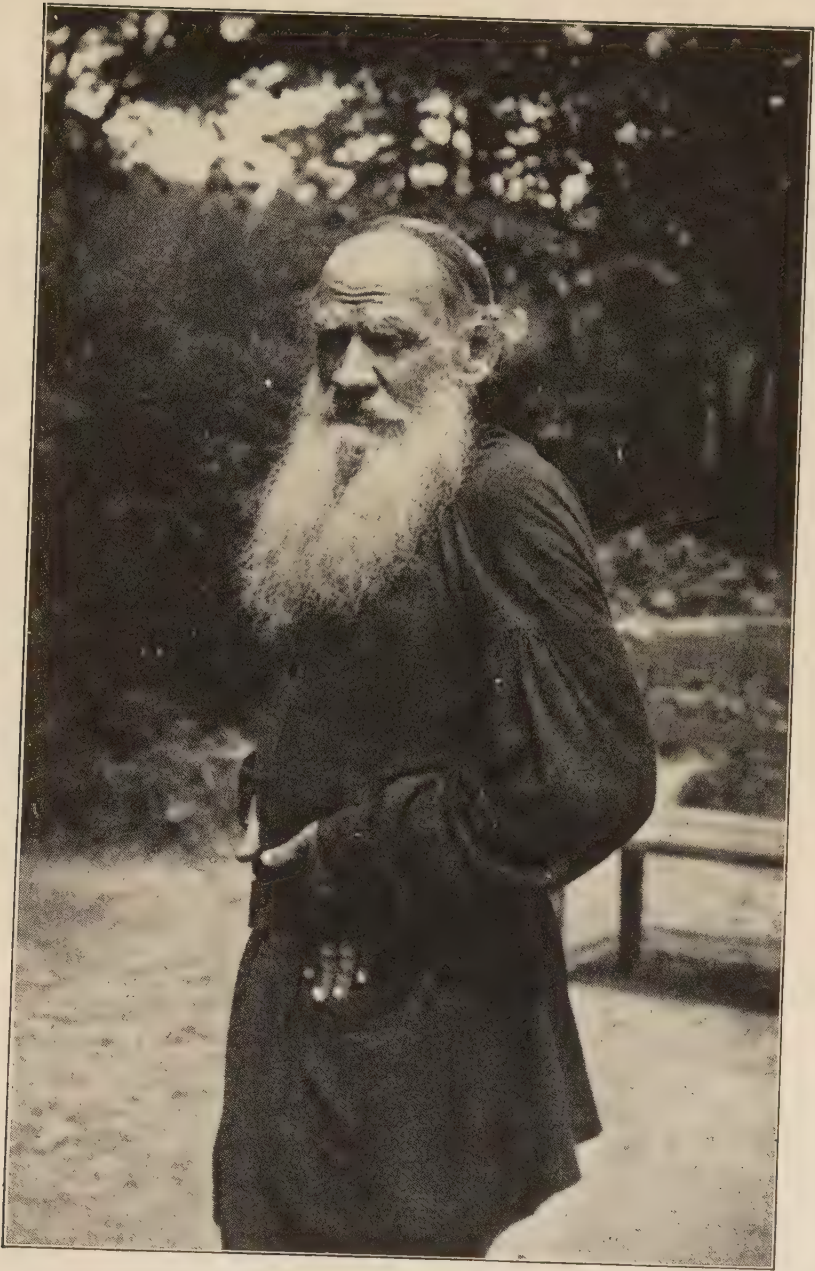
My sympathies have ever been with the cause of industrial emancipation, and therefore with Tolstoi, for he is one of the great champions of liberty ; but my reason, so far as



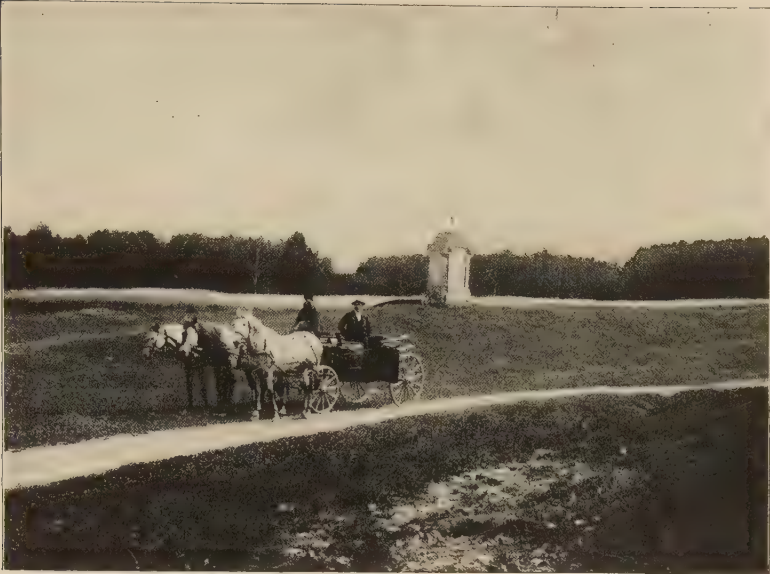
ON THE WAY TO TOLSTOI'S COUNTRY-SEAT

the Russia of the present is concerned, must render a decision in accord with the Tsar, and with his conservative ministers.

The home of Count Tolstoi in Moscow is an unpretentious dwelling, to which we sent our guide, one day, to ask if the count would see us if we should call. The servants told the guide that the count was out. He was ; for as our



TOLSTOI



TOLSTOI'S FRONTIER

emissary turned away, he saw the aged writer issuing from another door to take a carriage. In a very few words he



THE GATE OF YASNAYA POLIANA



THE VILLAGERS

stated his mission. The count replied in this oracular fashion: "I am not at home to all the world ; above all I am not at home for interviews ; but an American can always find me."



A DRAM-SHOP

But to find Count Tolstoi is, even for an American, a thing easier said than done ; for before we could accept the invitation, or challenge, to seek him out, he had left Moscow and retired to his country-seat, Yasnaya Poliana, near the town of Toula. But, not discouraged, we gladly undertook a six-hour railway journey to Toula and a carriage-drive of fifteen versts to the estate of the "grand old man" of Russia



THE VILLAGE STREET

We arrived at half-past eight in the morning ; for believing that Count Tolstoi, despite his great age, seventy-two years, was still leading the life of a peasant farmer, we thought the hour none too early. But no one was astir except a servant. We wait for an hour and a half, driving through the adjacent village, peopled by the folk whose fathers were the serfs of the Tolstoi estate. Rank misery pervades the filthy and disgusting village-settlement, no

better and no worse than villages in other parts of Russia. A deformed woman and a big strapping mujik are insistent in their demands for money, and servile in their thanks upon receiving it. As we gaze about us, we strive in vain to reconcile the altruistic theories of the master and the existent conditions in this village at his gates.

At ten o'clock we again present ourselves at the count's door. His eldest son, who bears the father's name,



COUNT TOLSTOI'S SUMMER VILLA

received us kindly with the words, "Father will be here presently." Meantime we have observed, beneath a tree near the door, three peasant women waiting patiently; they were waiting there when we came first, two hours earlier. At last they seem to wake; they rise expectantly as an old man in mujik costume steps briskly down from the veranda. It is Count Leo Tolstoi, one of the world's great men.



A FAMILY GROUP

A hurried greeting to us, a fatherly smile to Leo, Jr., and the count begs our indulgence for a moment, saying as he turns toward the old peasant women under the tree, "You must excuse me. These poor women first. They have had a fire in their village; three times they have had a fire; they have lost many things and I must speak to them." It is all perfectly sincere and beautiful; but—cynics that we are—we think how marvelously effective it all is from the dramatic point of view: The waiting pensioners beneath the ancestral tree; the aged lord of the manor, who, though a nobleman, is clad in the dress of the poor mujik, hastily courteous to his foreign guests, but most concerned with the misfortunes of the native poor who await him.



A SAGE IN PEASANT GARB

Tolstoi speaks English fluently, but with an accent that suggests the speech of Henry Irving, with an added Gallic twist. He talks upon a dozen subjects with equal interest, enthusiasm, and, above all, originality. There should be no law; no man should have the right to judge or to condemn another; absolute freedom of the individual is the only thing that will redeem the world. Christ was a great teacher, nothing more. This was the sum and substance of his views as expressed to my companion, a distinguished American, in June, 1901. But Tolstoi both claims and exercises the right



"MY GRANDCHILDREN"

to revise opinions, and proclaims from time to time a new and always startling attitude toward the truths and contentions in the great arena of philosophic thought.

We breakfasted with him on the veranda, a large and loving family gathered round the samovar; the two dainty grandchildren relieved with the note of youth and hope and freshness the almost sad impression produced upon us by the atmosphere of neglect and tumble-downness permeating

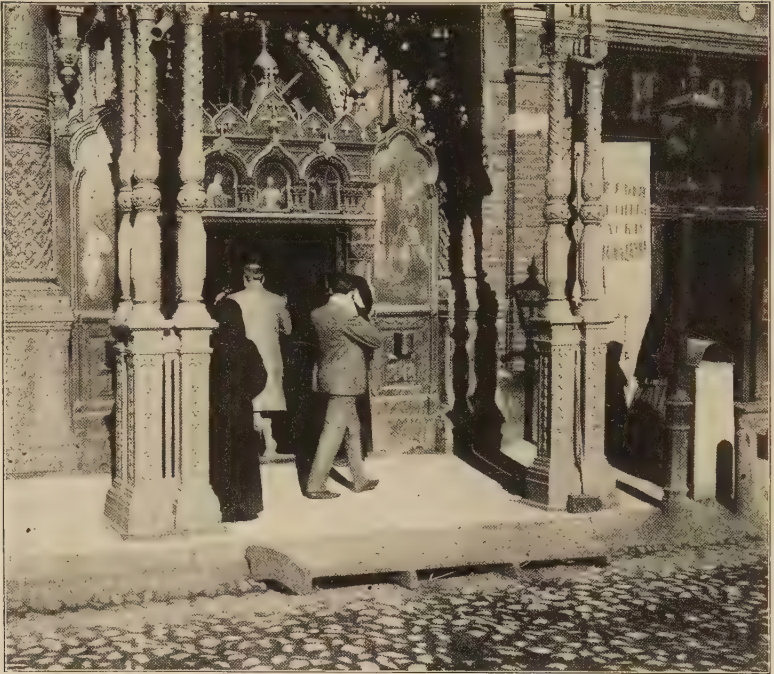
not only the peasant village but even the house and private grounds of the estate, of which the Russian title, "Yasnaya Poliana" means the Bright Plain, or the Illuminated Field. Even if we cannot sympathize with the almost fatalistic philosophy of a return to nature—a philosophy that would let all things go to seed, we are not blind to the brightness that illumines the Yasnaya Poliana, for it is the brightness of



WHERE THE WATERS OF THE MOSKVA ARE BLESSED

a mighty mind, an intellectual luminosity that has lighted for all time the dark path trodden by oppressed humanity.

Such, in brief, were the reflections brought back to Moscow from the home of him whose name is better known throughout the world than that of any other Russian save that of the Tsar himself,—the Tsar, who stands for all the old sage condemnns, who is defender of the faith that Tolstoi has assailed, that Russian faith of which the Kremlin is the most sacred stronghold.



SHRINE OF AN ICON

Around the towers of the Kremlin cluster the religious aspirations of the Slavonic people to whom religion and worship are things of daily, hourly concern.

In all the busy thoroughfares we find, crowded in between the shops, small chapels or the shrines of celebrated icons, each one demanding recognition, offerings, salutations. Rarely does a Muscovite pass any of the eleven hundred chapels without uncovering and signing himself, while many stop to pray or enter to deposit an offering.

The most famous of these icons is the Iberian Madonna, housed in a chapel at the gate to the Red Square. It is a picture of the Virgin, copied by fasting monks from a most sacred portrait in one of the monasteries of Mount Athos in the Ægean Sea. It was sent as a gift to the Orthodox Tsars of Moscow in 1648. The present emperor, when he comes

to Moscow, drives directly to this gate that he may offer prayers to the most sacred icon in his most sacred city. All day the faithful throng the little chapel. As the French guide-book says, "*La chapelle est habituellement pleine,*" and then, in parentheses, "*prendre garde aux pickpockets.*"

But the Madonna is rarely at home by day; her visitors see and kiss only a substituted copy; for she must make her daily round of visits to the houses where pious souls have called to her from sick-beds—or where she is expected to bless with her presence some joyful ceremony,—a wedding or a christening. For each of these visits she receives from twenty-five to a hundred dollars, and therefore can afford to ride in grander state than the humble rival icon, whose neglected shrine is near at hand, and whose more modest coach is shown in an illustration. Unfortunately, we failed to secure pictures of the equipage of the Iberian Icon. Day after day we lay in wait in vain; she always came home too late in the day for picture-making. Her state-carriage is drawn by



THE IBERIAN CHAPEL

six horses, with driver and postilion in brilliant livery, but bareheaded. Her progress through the streets is like that of an empress. All traffic ceases, every head is bared and bowed, all hands wave the outline of the cross, all lips are moved in prayer; and when, upon arrival, the huge gilded frame is carried from the coach, we see scores of men, women, and children throw themselves upon their knees and crawl frantically toward it, frequently doing one another



WORSHIPERS

bodily injury in the attempt to kiss the sides, the back, the corners, or any available surface of the bejeweled thing. Meantime, by way of striking contrast, we saw the attendants sitting in the coach calmly counting over the day's receipts in a most businesslike and public fashion.

Another famous icon is Our Lady of Vladimir, whose throne is in the holiest of the Kremlin churches, where the Tsars are crowned. When she goes forth to spend the day at chapels or churches in the city proper, she is accompanied



WORSHIPERS

by the high clergy, including even the Metropolitan of Moscow, and scores of religious societies, composed of



THE EQUIPAGE OF AN ICON

several thousand volunteers, who carry in her train the weighty golden banners, which during her sojourn are stacked for blocks along the shop-fronts in all the streets adjacent to the chapel she has honored with a call.

We witnessed the passing of her escort as she returned with pageantry and pomp and splendor to her Kremlin home. It is no easy matter, even for a half-dozen sturdy Russians to



"OUR LADY OF VLADIMIR IS WITHIN"

hold unswervingly aloft those flags of solid metal, loaded with gems and precious stones. Frequent were the stoppages of the procession, ludicrous the efforts of the bearers to appear at ease when threatened with the downfall of a banner. Hundreds and hundreds of devoted banner-bearers filed past us, staggering under the weight of sanctified insignia. At last comes the bright yellow river of the clergy, robed in vestments of cloth of gold. Behind this regiment of



SACRED INSIGNIA

holy men are borne the sacred relics from the Kremlin, and the great picture of the Vladimir Madonna, whose history,



TROUBLE WITH A BANNER

it has been said, is the history of Russia. Her golden frame is valued at one hundred thousand dollars, the emerald upon her brow is worth the ransom of a prince. Behind her walks the highest dignitary of the Russian Church, the aged Metropolitan of Moscow, and on all sides stand or kneel the throngs of bareheaded poor, looking with awe and wonder upon this living stream of gold that flows in long waves of glittering splendor through the hushed and silent streets.



THE PROCESSION

We follow the procession to the Gate of the Redeemer, most sacred portal of the Kremlin, above which hangs a picture of the Savior, to which all passers-by must pay a reverential homage. No Russian ever passes through the gate without uncovering his head; in fact, the taking off of hats was formerly enforced by law, and is to-day enforced by custom — stronger than any legal regulation.



THE CLERGY IN CLOTH OF GOLD

The gate dates from the end of the fifteenth century. The lower part was built by an Italian architect. The spire was added by an Englishman after a lapse of a hundred and thirty-five years. The other towers and walls are of equal age and equally impressive. The circuit of the walls is greater than one mile, and there are five great gates, each dominated by a tower. We enter with bared heads through



THE REDEEMER GATE

the Redeemer's Portal, finding ourselves in a surprisingly vast level square, above which rises the most famous edifice in Russia. It is the belfry of the Kremlin, known as the tower of Ivan Veliky. It marks the very heart of Russia. Within the circle of its shadow lie the holiest shrines of Muscovy: the cathedral in which the Tsars are crowned, another where Imperial marriages are solemnized, and a third in which the Tsars of old sleep their last sleep, content

to rest forever in the city where they ruled, while their successors slumber in still another, new necropolis, upon the banks of the cold Neva in modern St. Petersburg.

In the shadow of the tower are two famous and familiar things; one is a cannon, the other is a bell. In front of the *caserne* is ranged



THE NICHOLAS GATE



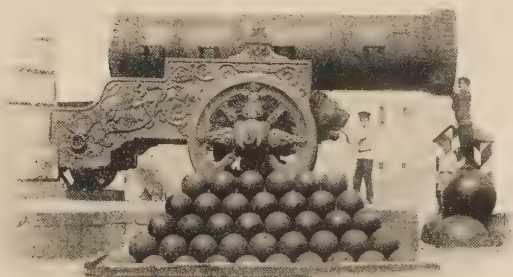
KREMLIN RAMPARTS



IVAN'S TOWER

a battery of picturesque old cannon, of which the biggest and most ornamental and most ridiculously useless is the so-called "Tsar of the Cannon" of the Kremlin. The thirteen-inch guns of modern warfare seem mere bean-blowers in comparison with this stumpy thunderer which takes a ball measuring one meter in diameter. But unfortunately this piece of ordnance cannot project these 39-inch balls without endangering its own integrity and also that of the entire Kremlin. Equally impressive, although voiceless also, is the Tsar of

Bells, the hugest in the world, weighing two hundred tons. The bell was cast in 1735, but was not taken from the mold until two years later, before which time, unhappily, a conflagration cracked off

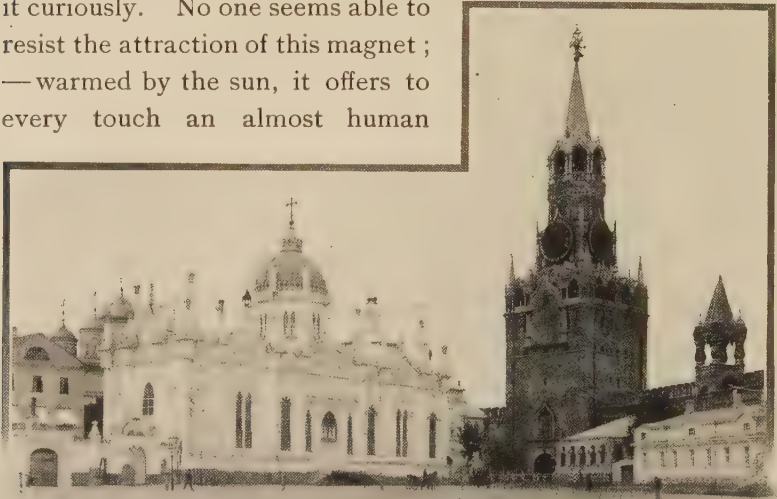


THE TSAR OF CANNON



A HISTORIC FRAGMENT

a fragment nearly seven feet in height, and robbed the mighty bronze of the deep voice that might have been to-day one of the supreme sound sensations of the world. That fragment has a fascination for every passer-by ; it is worn glossy by the touch of sympathetic hands, which every day caress it curiously. No one seems able to resist the attraction of this magnet ; — warmed by the sun, it offers to every touch an almost human



CONVENT OF THE ASCENSION AND THE REDEEMER GATE



THE GREAT BELL AND THE CONVENT OF THE MIRACLES

contact, as if a little of the life of all the millions who have fondled it had in some mysterious way passed into this mass of bronze and made of it a sentient, responsive thing.

Gazing almost directly at this shattered stillborn metal dome is the bronze image of a Tsar, whose useful life was tragically ended by the Nihilists twenty years ago. It is a strange fatality that both of the great emancipators should



THE BELL, THE TOWER, THE SYNOD, AND THE CANNON

have perished at the hand of an assassin; yet our Lincoln, the president who freed the slaves in the new world, and Alexander, the tsar who gave liberty to the Russian serfs, alike fell victims to the fury of political fanatics.

A new memorial to Alexander II has been but recently completed. Modern in its magnificence, it fortunately harmonizes with the medieval splendors that surround it. It both dignifies and graces the noble brow of the sacred

Kremlin Hill. The statue itself is a perfect likeness of the man who, had he lived, would have given a constitution to the Russian people. The manner of his violent death convinced those who succeeded him in government that Russia was not ripe for liberty.

So it has always been and ever will be. The regicide, the killer of the man in power, can do naught but injure and disgrace the cause he thinks to serve, the noblest cause for which man ever fought—the cause of human liberty. The calm, superb, robed figure of the murdered Tsar, with its outstretched hand, that in the one gesture seems to bless and to protest, is a perpetual witness to the futility of violence. The ranks of law and order, no matter how

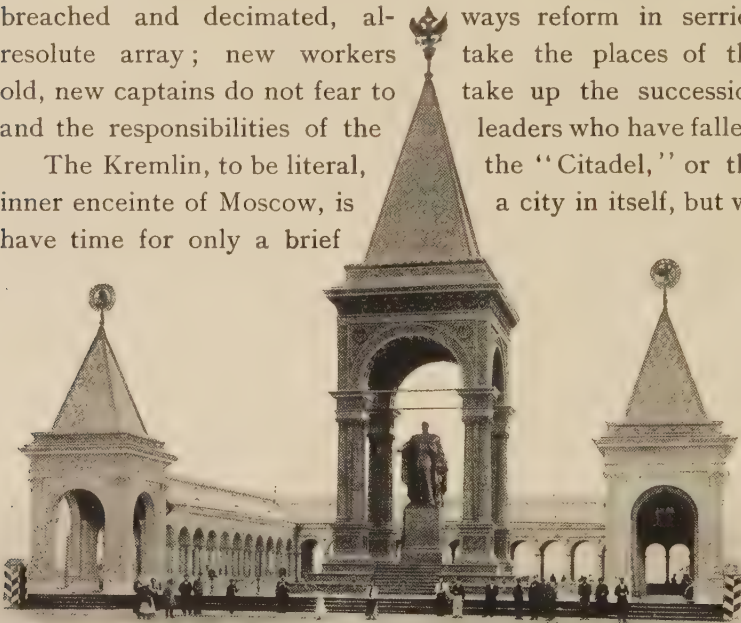
breached and decimated, al-
resolute array; new workers
old, new captains do not fear to
and the responsibilities of the

The Kremlin, to be literal,
inner enceinte of Moscow, is
have time for only a brief

ways reform in serried
take the places of the
take up the succession
leaders who have fallen.
the "Citadel," or the
a city in itself, but we



IMPERAL
ROBES
IN BRONZE



MONUMENT OF ALEXANDER II



ONE OF THE OLD GUARD

review of the chief edifices of this remarkable enclosure. Let us begin with the largest, though not the most important, the Palace of Justice, upon which glitters in golden characters the word "*Zakon*," "*Law*." Facing it is the Arsenal, with the word "*Victory*," not expressed in letters but almost shouted by the

mouths of eight hundred and seventy-five captured cannon—chiefly souvenirs of Napoleon's disastrous visit in 1812. Another large, comparatively modern pile is the Grand Palace of the Tsars, vast and to-day unoccupied, which was the scene of splendid ceremonies on the occasion of the coronation in 1896. Adjoining it is a museum that contains the thrones and vestments used by the imperial personages who have been



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE AND THE ARSENAL



THE KREMLIN FROM THE WEST

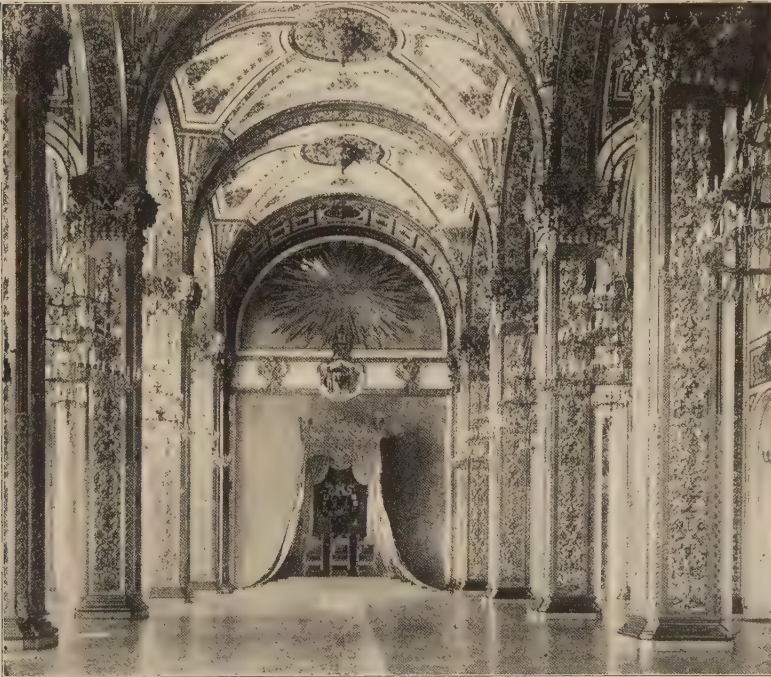


PANORAMA OF THE KREMLIN



THE GRAND PALACE OF THE KREMLIN

crowned in Moscow. The robes and diadems of Nicholas and Alix are already catalogued and placed on view behind



By permission

THRONE ROOM IN THE KREMLIN PALACE



IN THE GRAND PALACE OF THE KREMLIN

plate-glass, as if the wearers were already dead and gone, as if they were already members of the vanished company whose dresses, finery, and baubles are exposed in other cases. Just beyond the palace stands the Church of the Annunciation, where of old the imperial folk were united to the church by baptism, and to one another in the bonds of holy wedlock. Its domes and roofs are golden; its walls covered with frescoed nightmares; its pavement made of blocks of jasper, presented by a Shah of Persia many years ago. Facing the same enclosure is the Church of the Archangel, where Peter's predecessors sleep amid the dust of ages and the wealth of



A KREMLIN SENTRY

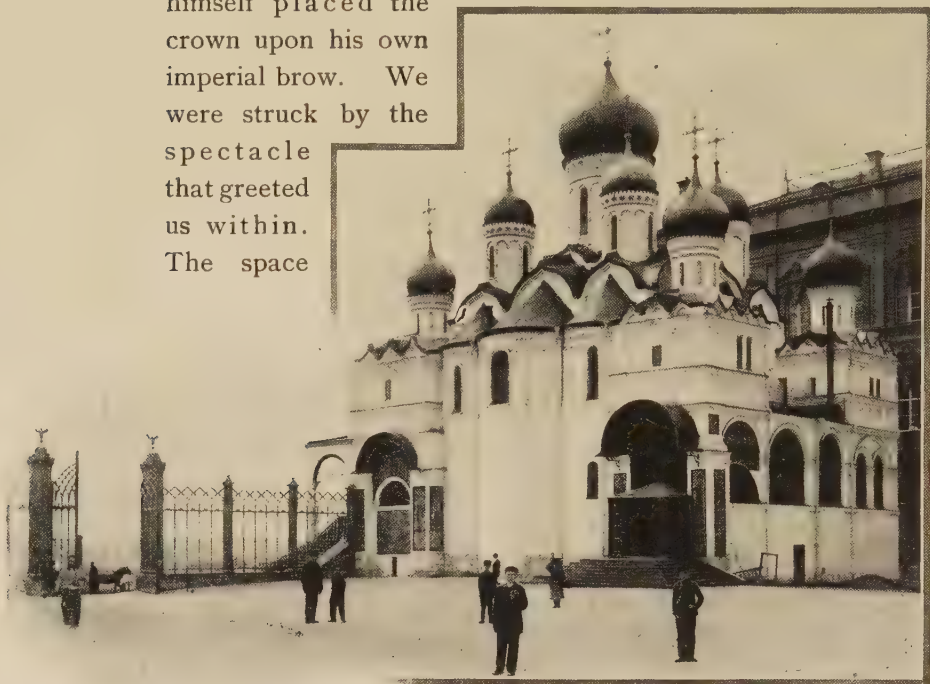


GRANOVITAYA PALATA



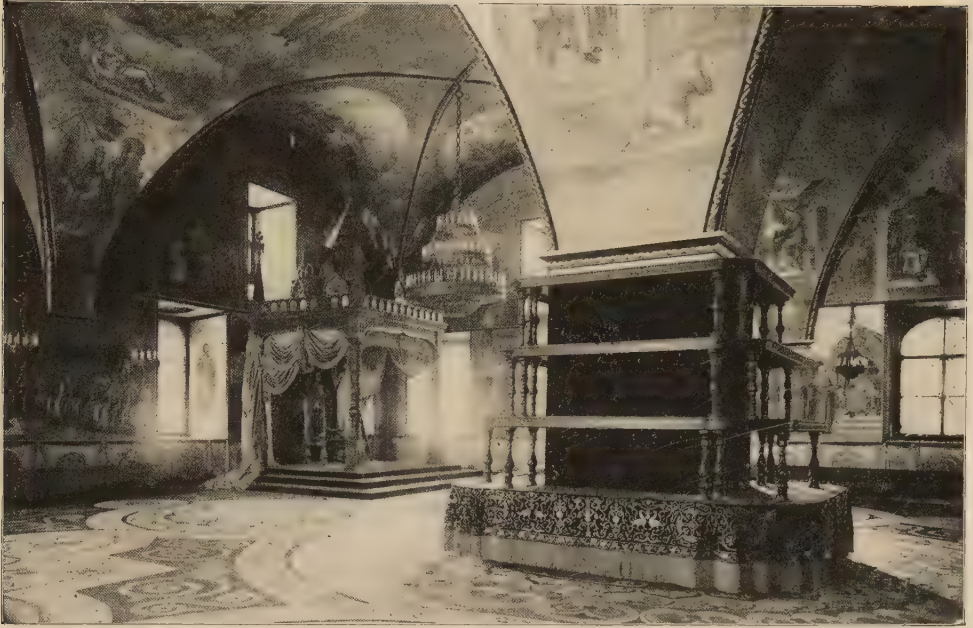
WHERE TSARS ARE BAPTIZED AND MARRIED

Orthodoxy ; and on another side is the headquarters of the Holy Synod, which controls the mighty religious machinery of the Orthodox church. But the most important structure is the square, five-domed cathedral of the Assumption, within which every Tsar of Russia has been crowned, or rather has himself placed the crown upon his own imperial brow. We were struck by the spectacle that greeted us within. The space



CATHEDRAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION

within the four great central columns was securely hedged about with ropes and carpeted with gorgeous rugs. Five or six officials in full-dress uniforms were standing there engaged in ceremonial worship, while on the altar terrace and in the holy of holies beyond the iconostasis a score of superbly groomed and gorgeously arrayed priests and bishops were chanting with wonderful bass voices, organ-like in their sonority, the music of the mass. And then, to complete the interesting picture, there stood outside the ropes, in the

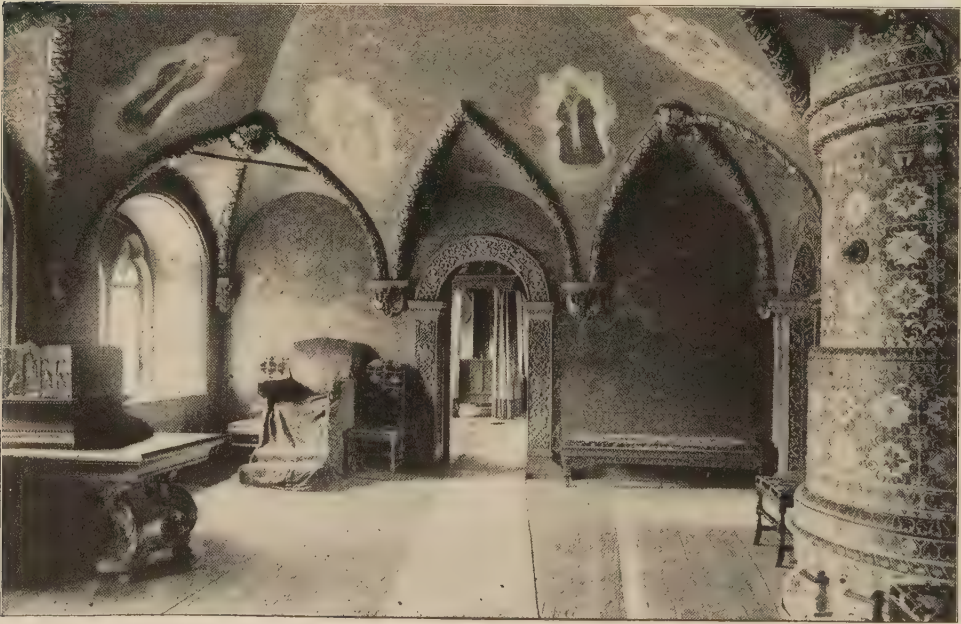


A MEDIEVAL HALL OF THE KREMLIN

narrow space around the walls, at least a thousand humble, devout, and rudely-clad pilgrims and poor folk, smelling of poverty and toil, but breathing devotion, looking awe, and thinking we know not what. They were so thick that they stood on one another's toes; literally, there was not standing-room, while just beyond the ropes, against which they scarcely dared to press, stood the half-dozen glittering functionaries, each one disposing of four times more space than had been left for the respectful, patient mob that looked on, prayed, and crowded itself and thanked its stars that it had been allowed even to cross the threshold.

Half smothered, we retreated from the crowded church, and climbed the winding stairs of Ivan's Tower. A vision of surpassingly fantastic charm greets us as we halt and gaze out through a window. Domes, spires, towers, and pinnacles and pyramids, and then still other domes and spires,

until the eye fails to distinguish more, and the imagination must be called upon to fill in all the distant details of the picture. Immediately below us is the red Convent of the Miracles, the richest in all Russia, with domes of a marvelous blue. Beyond it is another convent, with its dome-crowned Churches, then the Redeemer Gate, and beyond that, Moscow itself, which means an infinity of other domes and towers. Mounting still higher we look toward the south, toward the great Church of the Redeemer and the Sparrow Hills. The Moskva River creeps below the Kremlin walls, whispering to him who has ears for its tremendous story, the secrets of a troubled past—the tale of Moscow's rise to power—of the evolution of the "Mother city" of the Russians from the palisaded fort erected on this hill by rude Slavonic men nine centuries ago. It tells of the dark days of Mongol domination, of struggle, rebellion, and final victory over the Tatar horde,—of the first man who claimed the



MUSCOVITE LUXURY



DOMES AND TOWERS

title Tsar, Ivan IV, surnamed Terrible ;—then Peter is the next name murmured — almost reproachfully, by the Moskva waves, for it was Peter who robbed Moscow of her imperial



A KREMLIN COUCH

glory and transferred the capital to Petersburg;—then in exultant undertones the stream rehearses the tragic story of the French invasion, how Napoleon came with a mighty host, how the invader saw the sacred city vanish like a smoking sacrifice upon the altar of the fatherland, and then how he withdrew, a conquered conqueror, along that bitter pathway marked throughout its dreadful length in the Russian snow by the frozen forms of Frenchmen.



CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION

Well may the tower of Ivan stir the soul of every Russian!—for it defied the man who had defied the world. Its bells sounded the first notes of the death-knell of Napoleon. Well may it command the love and reverence of every faithful Muscovite, for it stands upon the holiest ground in Russia, marking the very cradle of the Empire of the Slav. Well may he look upon it with satisfied and yet insatiate ambition

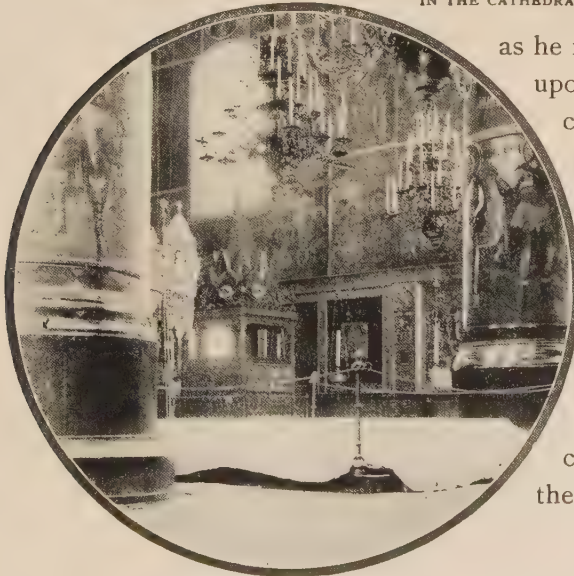


LOOKING TOWARD THE SPARROW HILLS FROM IVAN'S TOWER



IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION

as he recalls the fact that once upon a time the stretch of country visible from its summit was all that could be claimed as the appanage of the Princes of Muscovy, while to-day the broad dominion of the Muscovite Tsar embraces the vast-er parts of two great continents; and, though the eye of the Russian is



WHERE TSARS ARE CROWNED



CONVENT OF THE MIRACLES

not able to reach so far, his hand, first outstretched from the Kremlin merely to repel the Tatar hordes, now holds the



LOOKING EAST FROM IVAN'S TOWER



THE HEART OF RUSSIA

which is the cry of a young nation struggling merely for its life and for recognition. No. To-day the patriotic and far-seeing Russian — gazing with prophetic eye half-way around the globe, across two continents, across the boundless territories of Siberia, —

half of Europe, the half of Asia, touches the frozen Arctic, the sunny Black Sea and the Caspian, the Baltic and the Japan Sea; has gripped at Vladivostok the safest and most beautiful harbor in the Farthest East; is now caressing with insidious intent the Central Asian states on the frontier of British India. The Muscovite standing upon the top of Ivan's Tower no longer utters the cry with which his fathers drove the Mongols forth, "Russia for the Russians!"



IVAN VELIKY

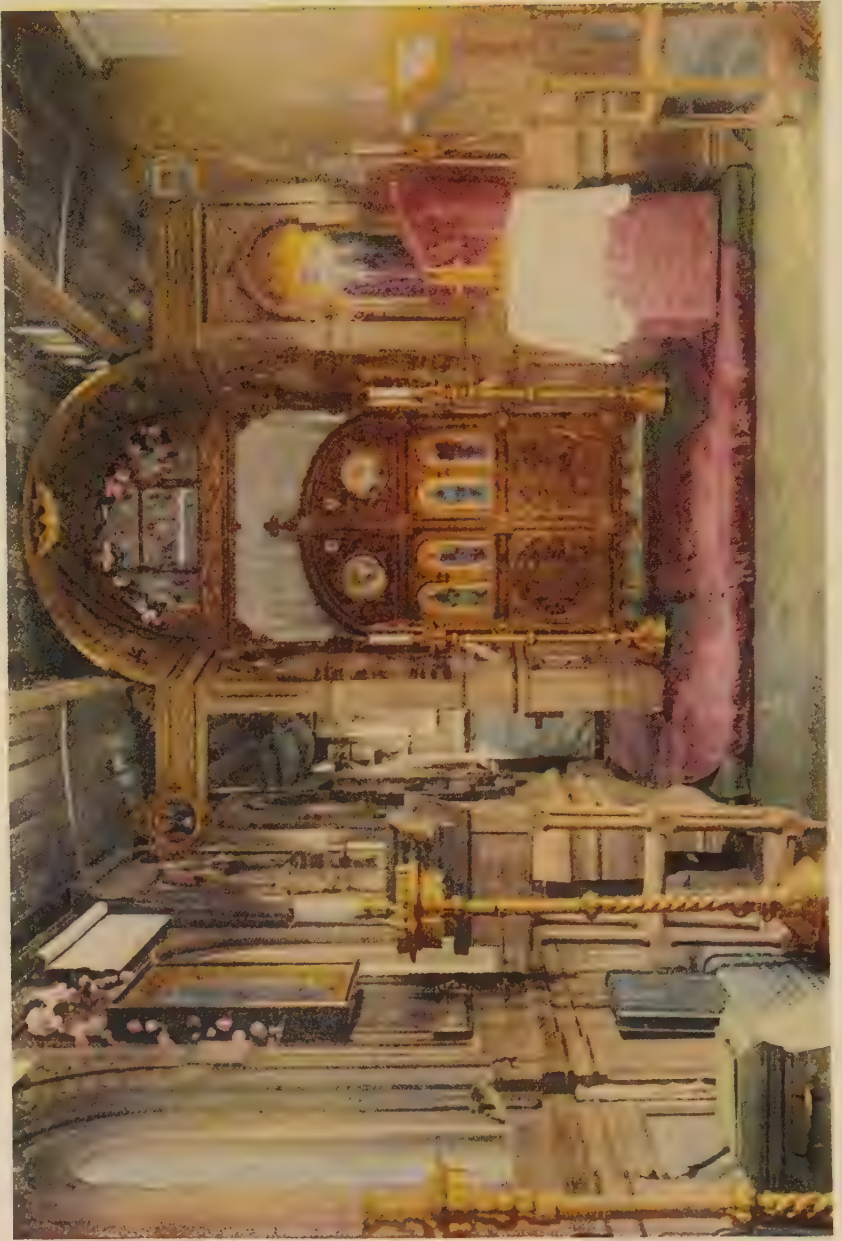
voices the new ambition of his race in the tremendous words,
 "The world for Russia!"

RUSSIA

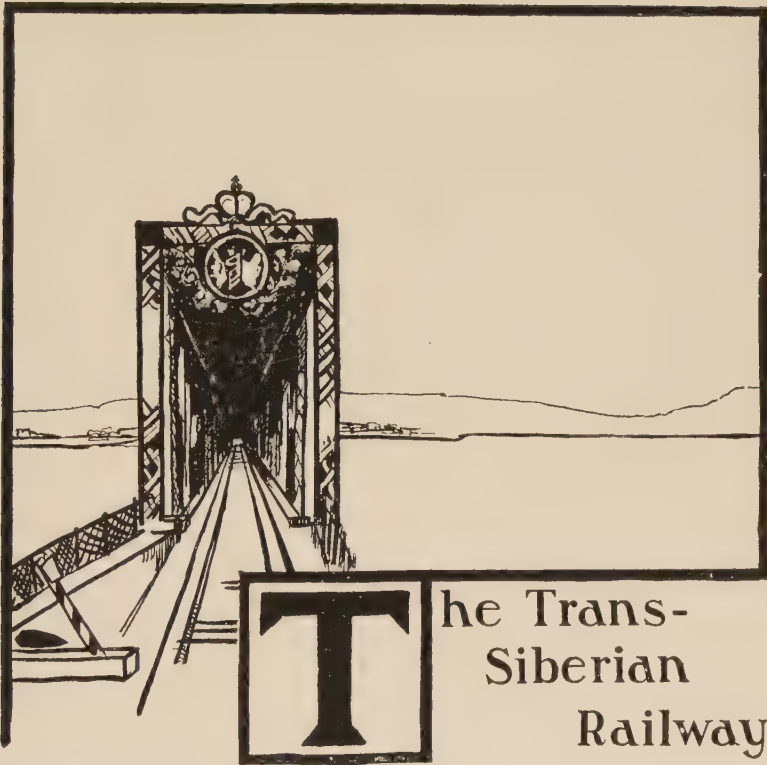
THOU dread Colossus of the North! astride
 Two continents that link the East and West,
 One foot on the Pacific's margin pressed,
 One planted by the Baltic's icy tide;
 The laws of Nature and of man defied;
 Patient — thy heart's ambitions unconfessed;
 Binding with bands of steel each new acquiescent,—
 Door after door, thy golden key throws wide.
 Yet when the nations furiously rage,
 Thine is the voice that bids them Christ's words heed!
 True to thy Muscovitish heritage,—
 Masking with courteous smiles insatiate greed.
 "Russia for Russians!" blazed thy life's first page.
 "The world for Russia!" now thine unwritten creed!

— *Frances Bartlett*





THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY



The Trans-Siberian Railway

WESTWARD the Star of Empire has taken its way for centuries, shedding its luster upon the nations that have held the scepter of dominion. Of old it shone upon Egypt, Greece, and Rome; it flashed above the armies of Napoleon; it guided England's ships as they sailed forth to the commercial conquest of the two hemispheres. To-day it is soaring swiftly toward a new zenith, beneath which lies our own broad, rich, and splendid land, now prepared to achieve her destiny as a world-power. Already have the rays of what



OFFICE OF THE WAGONS-LITS COMPANY

is now *our* star been shot across the waters of the west, and touched the Philippines on the far side of the Pacific; but simultaneously the world becomes aware of a new light there in the Farthest West,—which is at the same time the Farthest East,—a light that came not with our star from the East by sea but from the West by land, across the vastnesses of northern Asia.

What is this new light that almost unnoticed has crept from out of the Siberian forests, down the banks of the Siberian rivers and now glows with ominous incandescence at Port Arthur and Dalni, and above the splendid harbor of the city so prophetically christened “Vladivostok”; for “Vladi” means “Dominion,” and “Vostok” means “The East.”

What is this light? Whence comes it? By what route has it made its way? Those who have looked upon the resplendent golden dome of Ivan’s Tower in the Kremlin, the Heart of Moscow, know whence it comes. Those who, pursuing the New Way Around the World, journey from Moscow

to the eastern edge of Asia, can trace the orbit of this east-bound Star of Empire, the star of the inevitable Muscovite, who, in his turn, despite the checks and the defeats that may become his portion, is destined to play a dominant part in the great world-drama of the future.

One of the most potent instruments of world-dominion to-day is the railway. Russia wields modern weapons. The Trans-Siberian Railway is the latest acquisition in her arsenal of conquest. The Moscow terminal station, the "Koursky Voxal," a white conspicuous edifice, may be regarded not only as the gateway to Siberia, but also as the gateway to the Orient, for it will soon be possible to travel in through-trains from that station to Peking.

But all this is difficult to realize, as we go through the usual forms of ticket-purchasing at the city office of the "Company International of Wagons-Beds and of Grand Expresses European," — which is a literal translation of



THE KURSK STATION, MOSCOW

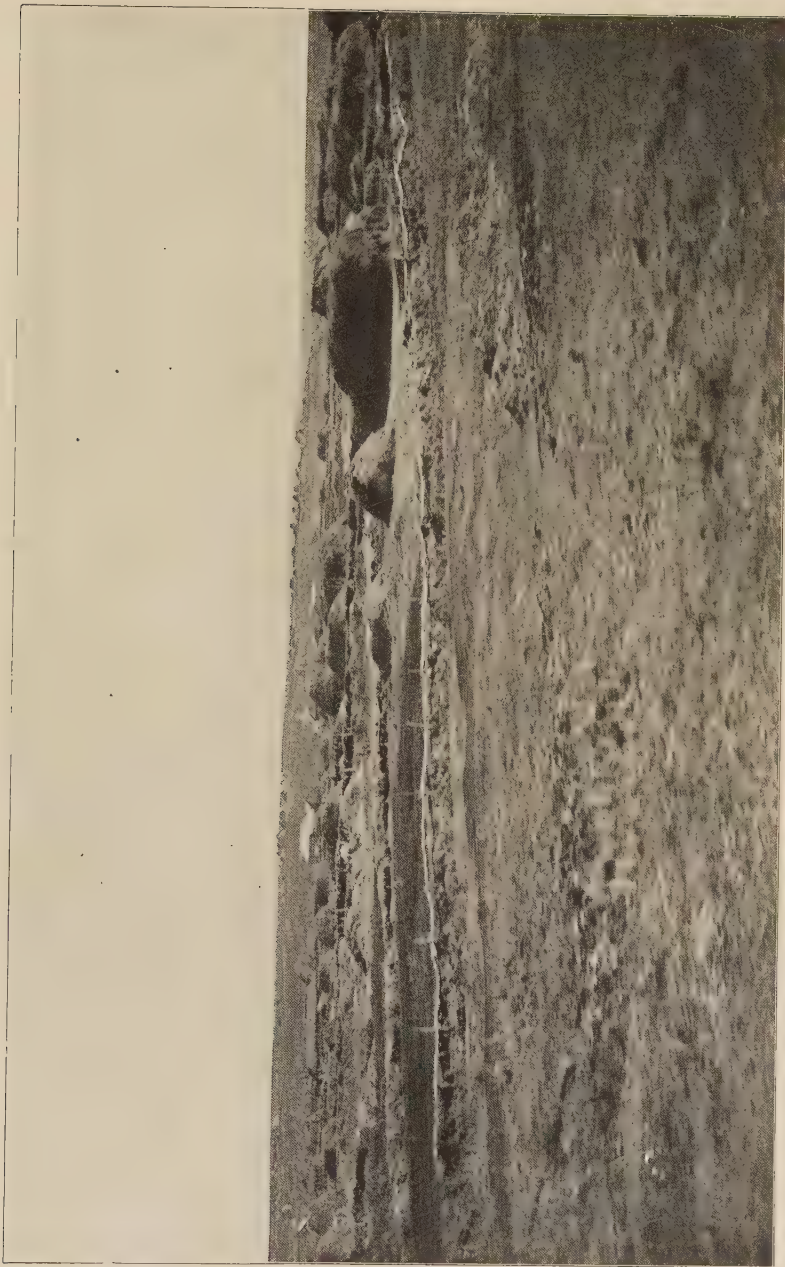
the title of the continental substitute for the Pullman Company; for Wagons-Lits trains are operated on the Trans-Siberian line, alternating with the older and less comfortable Russian trains. Through trains for Irkutsk are despatched twice weekly, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 8 P. M., and it so happens that we take the Russian *Train d'État* and not the *Train de Luxe* of the Wagons-Lits company, in which we should have traveled had we started one week earlier.



THE "TRAIN DE LUXE"

However, we made it a point to witness the departure of one of the new and more luxurious trains, which in future will be used exclusively. By chance we met on this occasion two of the American correspondents then racing eastward around the world. Their opponents, racing in the opposite direction, we shall look for later, in Siberia.

On the 19th of June, 1901, we begin our nine-day's journey toward the Rising Sun. For three days we roll on



A RUSSIAN VILLAGE

across the somber lands of eastern Russia, where there is little to relieve the sad monotony, save the crossing of several rivers, and glimpses of the big ragged cities of Sizran and Samara, which rise upon the banks of the greatest waterway of Russia, the old highroad to the South, the mighty Volga. But that which will linger longest in our



A "WAGONS-LITS" TRAIN

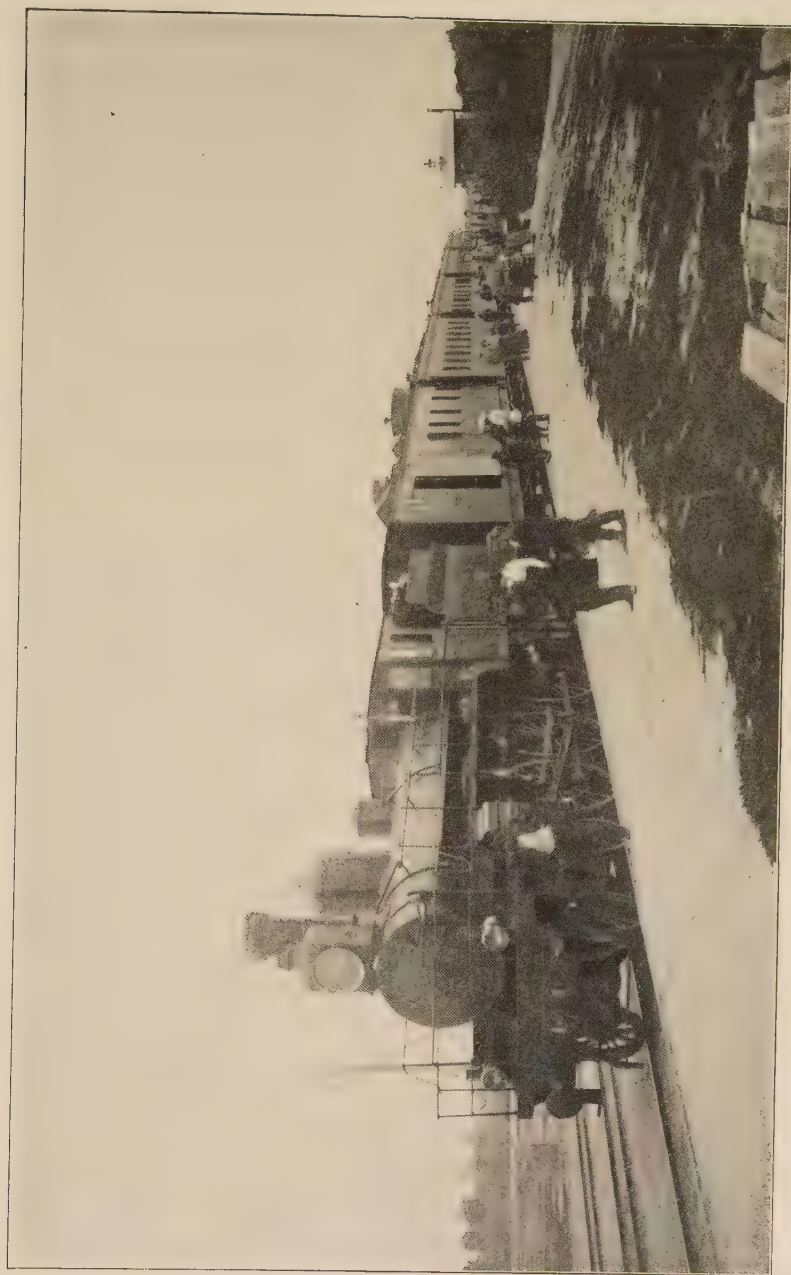
memory is the hopeless aspect of the Russian villages, which look like groups of hay-stacks or of mounds of refuse. We cannot at first believe that the shapeless heaps scattered around one or two frame-houses and a modest church are the abodes of human beings. But in these congeries of hovels we touch the very depths of Russian misery ; as we leave the



IN EASTERN RUSSIA



A SIBERIAN VILLAGE



THE "TRAIN D'ÉTAT"

old overworked acres of Europe behind us, the condition of the people and the aspect of their habitations steadily improve. The hovels of thatch give place a few days later to crude log-cabins, surrounded by well-built rail-fences, and always dominated by a gracefully pretentious church. But we must not anticipate. Before we enter upon descriptions of Siberia let us describe the means by which we reach that huge, unknown, and misrepresented country.

The means is modern,—a railway-train,—so conventional that we cannot realize that in it we are to traverse what were not long ago the unknown vastnesses of northern Asia. Having missed one *train de luxe*, of the Wagons-Lits Company, and not caring to wait for the next new train,



DINING-CAR STAFF

we find ourselves installed in one of the *Trains d'État*, or Government Trains. It is composed of five long carriages, one first-class, two second-class, one restaurant- and one baggage-car. Over several of the early stages of the journey in Russia proper, this train was hauled by Baldwin locomotives at a speed surprisingly exhilarating. But the pace



NEARING THE URALS

grows slower as we mount the gentle inclines of the Ural Range, that inter-continental boundary composed of mountains so low and so soft in their wooded outlines that we find it difficult to look upon them with as much respect as they deserve by virtue of their geographic fame as the barriers between the continents of Europe and Asia. Yet we experience



IN THE URALS



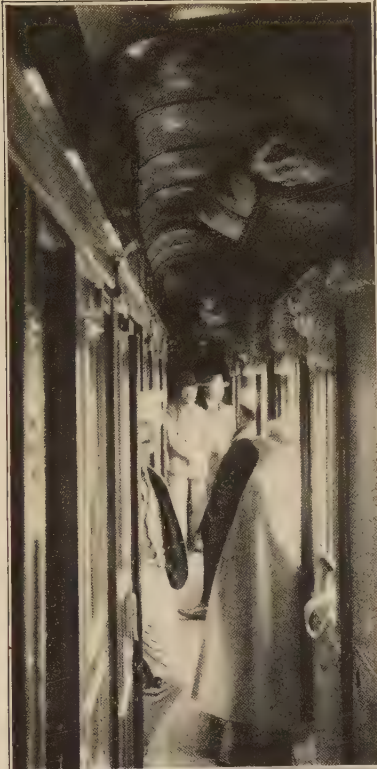
THE INTERCONTINENTAL LINE

a thrill as, standing on the rear platform, we watch the last few rods of Europe skimming beneath our feet and see the last Russian station flashing by. This thrill is intensified as, a few moments later, there glides past the simple monument which marks the line where Europe ends and Asia begins. The first Asiatic station is soon passed—an unimportant place at which the express-train does not stop.



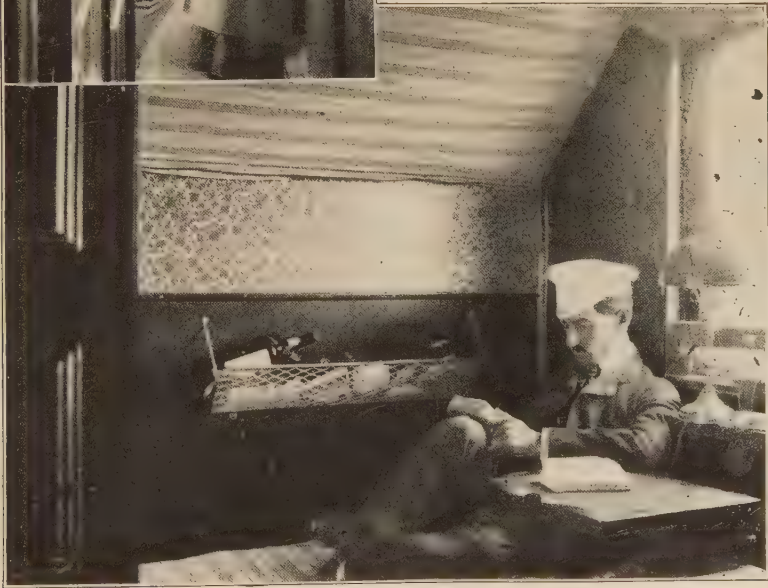
THE FIRST SIBERIAN STATION

But it was Russian Europe that we left behind, and we are now in Russian Asia. There is no shock of change, no startling contrast in the aspect of the lands that meet here in the passes of the Urals. It is *all Russia*, and will continue to be Russia until we reach the eastern coast of the continent we have just entered. We note already an improvement in the villages. Better houses, better fences, the same air of newness and crudeness that we find in the young settlements of the American northwest. We are



impressed by the thought that now for nine days the endless panorama of Siberia is to unroll itself to us as we stand gazing from the windows of our car. I say "stand gazing," because that is what we did all day and day after day in the confined space of the narrow corridor of our *spalnia-vagon*, or sleeping-car.

The compartments are extremely comfortable. They are arranged on the plan of the Mann Boudoir cars, with berths across the car instead of up and down the sides. The upper berth is raised



A COMFORTABLE COMPARTMENT



OUR QUARTERS



THE DINING-CAR



A STATION RESTAURANT



DRINKING-WATER

during the day, leaving a divan where we may sit to read or lie to doze.

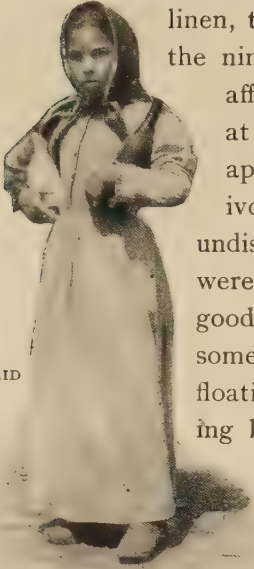
There is an electric lamp and a folding table that may be instantly transformed into a step-ladder for the convenience of the person occupying the upper berth, and there are many racks for holding bundles large and small. The crude and ill-kept public wash-

rooms are the most objection-

able feature. We have two compartments thrown into one by the opening of folding-doors. It gives us four beds for three people, for we have paid a trifle for the extra space. The fare from Moscow to Irkutsk was, even thus, a little less than fifty dollars each. We paid a dollar and a half apiece for the use of the bed



BUYING MILK



A MILKMAID

linen, three changes being given in the course of the nine days. The dining-car is a stuffy little affair with a piano at one end and a bookcase at the other — but neither music nor literature appeared to appeal to the passengers, for the ivories remained untouched and the books undisturbed. The meals although badly served were surprisingly well-cooked and appetizing; good bread, excellent veal, and hearty soups, sometimes *frappés*, with a clinking cake of ice floating on their chill depths, sometimes seething hot, with a hunk of steaming beef rising from them like a volcanic island. Meals as cheap as they are satisfying may be had in the station restaurants; and as for the untidiness of the service, we have been too long in Russia to take note of it. As a cure for squeamishness let me prescribe a period of Russian travel. For example, napkins are rarely washed; the patrons carelessly throw them down; the waiters pick them up from floor and chair and table, spread them out as flat as possible, spray them as the Chinese washman sprays his washed linen,



WORTH REACHING FOR



VENDERS

fold them very carefully, and then put them in presses, so that at next meal-time they may be again produced with neat new creases that deceive those who have never chanced to look behind the scenes. Take plenty of Japanese paper napkins with you when you go to Russia. Take also a big empty bottle, for the little milkmaids are very loath to part with the precious vodka-bottles in which they bring fresh milk to the railway-station. We usually paid ten copecks,



A TEA-PARTY

about five cents, for a quart of rich, creamy milk, and we rarely missed an opportunity of replenishing our supply. Berries and caviar and eggs and milk, and the sour cream of which the Russians are so fond, may also be purchased of other young provision-venders, who appear scrupulously honest, invariably giving back the proper change, even to the careless foreigner, who, as they know, rarely counts his copecks. We first encounter crowds of emigrants, at the

town of Cheliabinsk, which may be called a sort of clearing-house for colonists, where the worthless "human documents" are canceled, and the stamp of government approval is set upon such migratory paper as may appear of value, even if it be composed chiefly of rags. But rags make good stout paper, and we cannot but admire the good wearing-qualities of the material that Russia sends out to people her Siberian wilderness. Significant indeed the little silver cross hung by a chain about the neck of a bearded giant, who fills one of the forty places in a fourth-class car. That little cross means much. It means that this man, like nine tenths of those who precede and follow him, is carrying into Asia the beliefs of the Russian Church, the traditions of the



FRIENDLY OFFICES



GOING TO GROW UP WITH THE COUNTRY

Slavonic race, and the national spirit of submission to authority, which is the strength and might of Russia as an Empire. These are our thoughts until we learn something that will appear to spoil my point. This train of third- and fourth-class cars, that is packed full of mujiks with their wives and their children, is not proceeding to Siberia; it is going back to European Russia, with its load of disappointed peasants, who

A VENERABLE VISAGE

have had enough of the big new land and are returning to their hopeless villages in Russia proper, not because they

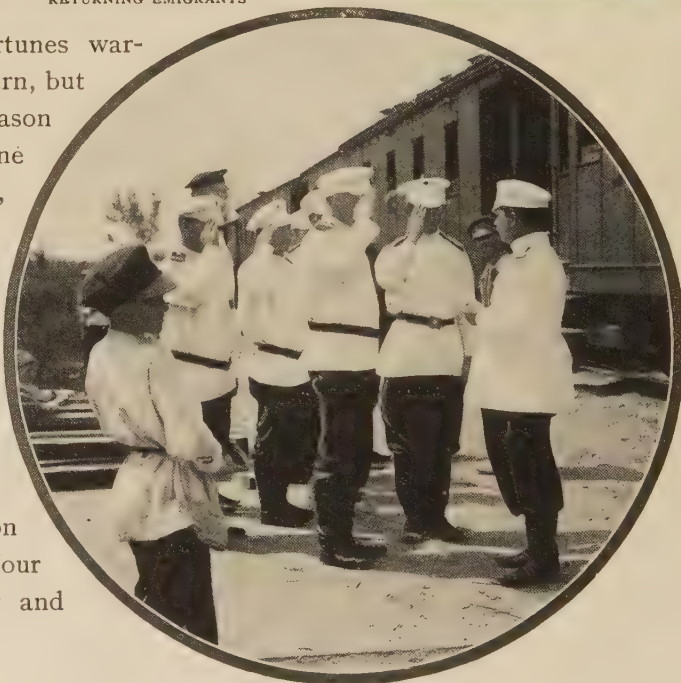


EMIGRANTS



RETURNING EMIGRANTS

have made fortunes warranting this return, but for the unique reason given by every one we questioned, — “home is better.” But we are reassured by the knowledge that for every one emigrant who fails or who fears to thrive on this new soil, four or five sturdier and



OFFICER AND MEN

braver peasants come to till it. Crowds of them awaiting shipment on the station platform at Cheliabinsk, watched our fast train as it rolled away toward the broad land that is to be the empire of their children's children.

The Russian soldier is in evidence at all the stations. Not many of him at a time, but little squads of him all along the line. Always as respectful as he is uncouth, always as sturdy as he is good-humored. His cap is spotless, boots well-cleaned, but the rest of him is usually more or less unkempt.

Our fellow-passengers deserve a chapter to themselves,—a chapter that should be

ONE OF MANY



A SIBERIAN TOWN



A MYSTERIOUS PERSONAGE

written by a novelist, for there is material in nearly every compartment for a romance, a character-study, or perhaps a detective-story. A picturesque old man, Oriental in garb, Asiatic in feature, speaking a language we have never heard, would serve as a fit protagonist for the

projected "penny dreadful." As for the romances, almost all of them were nearly completed, the most charming being that of the pretty little Berlin bride, who with her capable young German husband is on her way to Irkutsk where she is to spend the remainder of her life. She is extremely young, appealingly pretty, with big soulful eyes set far apart, eyes that seem to look tearfully toward the fatherland now left so far behind us. But it is dangerous to begin to pity a pretty little exile. I verily believe that every man aboard the train was sadly and secretly in love



NONDESCRIPT



THE NEW HOME OF THE GERMAN BRIDE

with her,—for just nine days. Had she started unprovided with a husband she could have had her pick of all the bachelors, and the long-haired priest would have been called upon for nuptial blessings before the journey ended.

There is not much to photograph along the way. But rarely do we get away from any of the stations without the customary interview with the police and military guards. As courteous as in Russia, and even more strict in the perform-



SLUMBER

ance of their duties, the watchful officers, at sight of cameras in foreign hands, or, for that matter in the hands of Russians, invariably demand by virtue of what official paper the camera is being used. The letter given us by Prince Khilkoff, the Minister of Railways, proves a most potent "Bou-maga," and that august document is continually produced and is very respectfully perused by the police at almost every station that lies between the Baltic and the Japan Sea.



BRIDE AND GROOM



FELLOW-PASSENGERS

Departures are announced by the ringing of a big bell at the station. We soon learn not to be startled by the first ring, for it means merely that it is time to begin to think about beginning to commence to get ready to prepare to go. By and by comes another clap or two, just to remind us that the bell has rung before. Then finally after we have stepped aboard at the polite personal request of the numerous employees, a final, ultimate, and authoritative clang



AT A STATION

announces that something is really going to happen, by and by. And sure enough, after a shrill blast from the whistle of the station-master, a toot from the horn of the switchman, and a squeak from the locomotive, the Trans-Siberian flyer does move at last, and before long we are once more "out of sight of land," encircled by the wide horizon of limitless Siberia. There is nothing in sight except *distance*, bisected by the straight and seemingly endless line of the track.

We seem to be far from everywhere. Yet this line of steel marks a new route around the world; we never lose this thought, —a thought that shrinks this old world of ours and makes of it a ball so small that we almost arrive at a conception of it in its entirety. Despite the seeming levelness of this vast plain of Siberia, we are conscious in some way



"ALL
ABOARD"



A PARK-LIKE VISTA



READING OUR PERMITS

of the earth's rotundity. Thus we speed eastward for many hundreds of miles across a Dakota-like expanse, which awaits only the touch of agricultural industry to transform it into an infinity of wheat. Again for many miles the line runs over marshy ground, unpromising and even more repellent than the deserts traversed by our own Trans-continental lines. It surprises us to learn that the Trans-Siberian railway traverses



DURING A HALT

no sandy plains ; no regions that may be described as deserts. We are still more surprised to find so many miles of wooded country where a broad swath has been cut through primeval forests of fir and birch. There is but little variety in the landscape, one day all plain, another day all marsh, another day nothing but endless curvings in tree-bordered aisles, where, more than in the open wilderness, the sense of vastness takes possession of us. But as if to keep the settlers

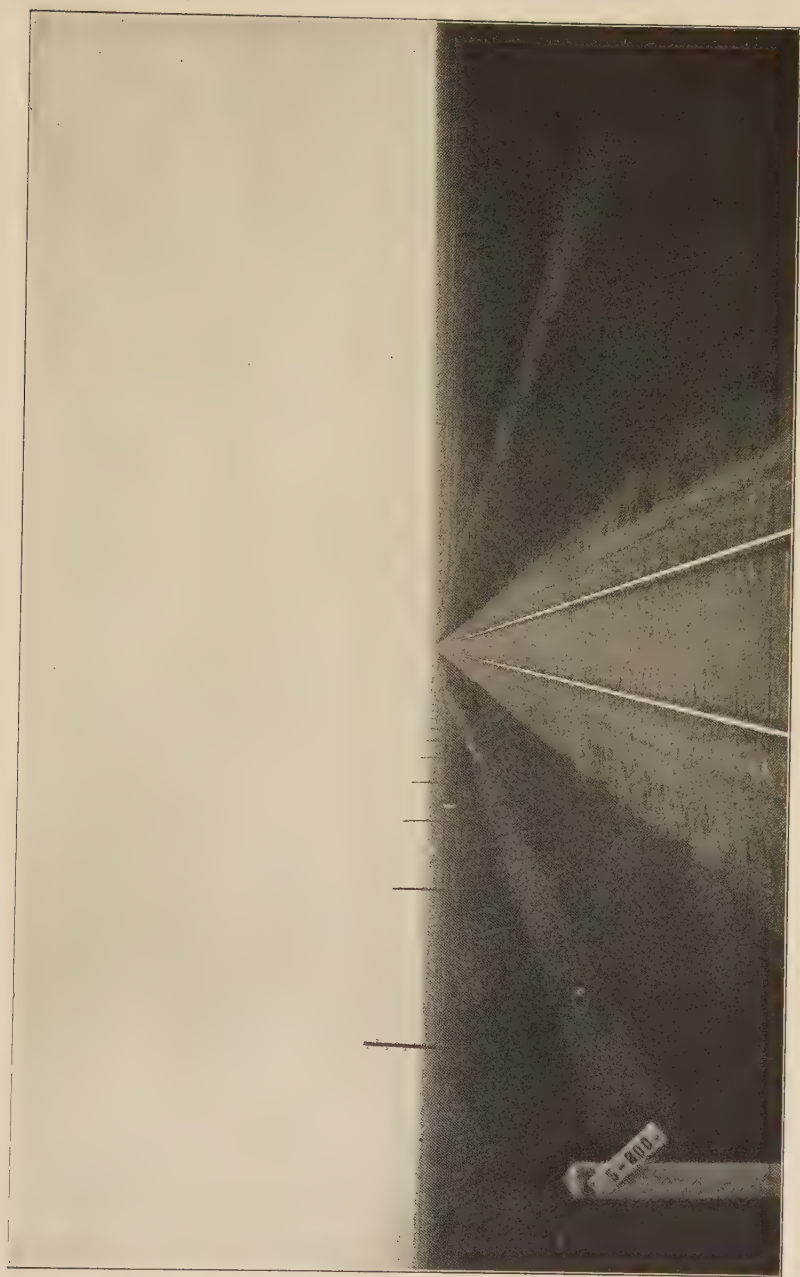


EASTWARD HO!

and the railway employees of the region from brooding on this oppressive vastness, there are tiny things by millions. The Siberian gnat is not to be ignored even in the big land



IN THE FOREST REGION



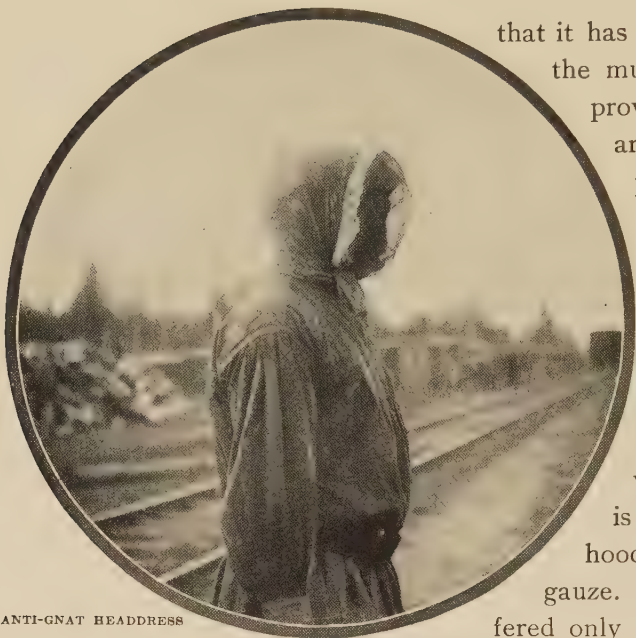
SIBERIA!



A CURVELESS LINE



SECTION-HANDS



AN ANTI-GNAT HEADRESS

that it has made its own. But the mujiks of this infested province have devised an armor that successfully protects them from attacks and makes life and labor in the region possible if not exactly pleasant. The entire population appears to have "taken the veil," for every head is swathed in a net or hood of black or greenish gauze. We, however, suffered only while the train was stationary; apparently the insects do not care to travel.



NOT AFRAID OF INSECTS



AN EXTENSIVE WOODPILE

Much work is being done along the line. Regrading has been already undertaken in many places, and the entire line is to be rerailed with heavier steel, for the existing rails have proved far too light for speed or heavy traffic. In the meantime trains run slowly and accidents are rare occurrences. Only one marred our journey — a fatal one, resulting in the death of the conductor who fell from the

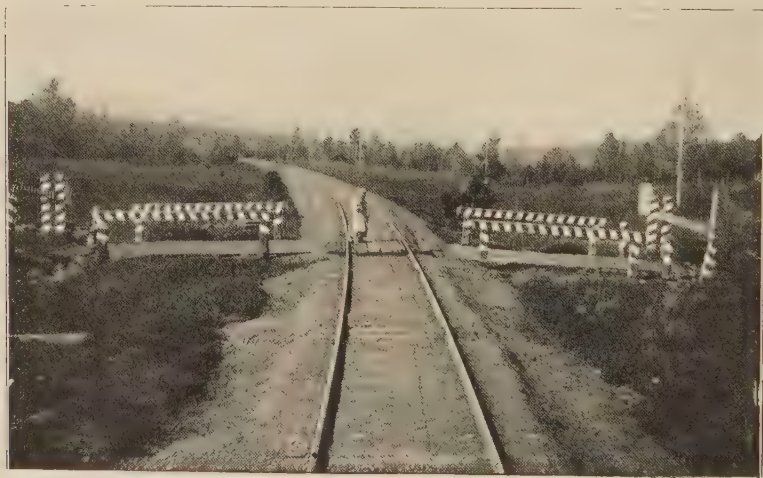


THE CONDUCTOR



A FATAL ACCIDENT

platform while reaching out to take a written order from a station-master. Fortunately, his death was instantaneous and painless. They left him lying there on the track to await the coming of the proper officials upon whom devolved the duty of reporting the occurrence to the administration at Moscow. We did not go to look, but went to work with a subscription-list for the benefit of his wife and children.



NEARING IRKUTSK

As we approach Irkutsk, the country becomes more picturesque, and hills that are almost mountains roll about on the horizon, and the roads and crossings take on a look of trimness. Every grade-crossing and almost every switch is guarded by a man or by a woman, who with a flag stands at salute while the train passes, and then steps out between the rails and with extended flag poses as rigid as a statue, looking after us until the train is nearly out of sight.



A WILDERNESS OF MUD

On the ninth evening we roll into the great Siberian city of Irkutsk—metropolis of northern Asia. We are on time to the minute; but this is not remarkable, for the schedule is so arranged that if the brakes were not in working order, even these leisurely, inexperienced trains would have difficulty in avoiding premature arrivals. We have covered the 5,107 versts—roughly, equivalent to about three thousand miles—between Moscow and Irkutsk in nine days, that is, at an average speed of about fifteen miles an hour.



PANORAMA OF IRKUTSK

The station is surrounded by a wilderness of mud ; between it and the city flows the rapid Angara, through which the waters of Lake Baikal seek an outlet to the Arctic Ocean. I have not told of the other splendid rivers we have crossed, nor have I spoken of the Siberian cities which we passed by night or day,—of Kourgan on the Tobol River,



PANORAMA



VER ANGARA

Omsk on Om, Tomsk on the Tom, Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei, Kansk on the Kan and Nijniudinsk on the Uda. All these I have spared you because in Irkutsk at the junction of the Irkut and the Angara, we find the prototype of all, —richer, larger, and finer. It appears almost



OF IRKUTSK



THE MAIN STREET OF IRKUTSK



A TYPICAL THOROUGHFARE



A BRIDGE

magnificent as one views it from the belfry of a church, but disillusion awaits the traveler below. I cannot understand why photographs should make the city look so trim when in reality it is so soiled and dingy and unkempt.

Russia is always striving for effect, and here in Irkutsk we get the same impression as in St. Petersburg, of a city built to order—designed to impress the observer. The same “stone” walls of stucco, the same “marble” pillars of staff,



THE CATHEDRAL

the wide streets and the endless avenues, still unpaved and insistently suggestive of the wilderness of which they lately formed a part. Space is the cheapest thing in northern Asia. The Russians have been prodigal of space in laying out their cities. The Orthodox Cathedral is huge enough to satisfy the needs of a city four times the present size of Irkutsk ; but the critical tourist must not forget that Irkutsk will in the near future quadruple its population.

A great city should have a museum. The government has seen to it that Irkutsk does not lack one. Within we find one floor devoted to natural history and one to ethnological collections ; but the fine arts have not yet appeared in Mid-Siberia. There are also an imposing theater, several official palaces, many fine private residences, and in the main street an astounding row of big department-stores, in one of which we photographed an effective array of spring bonnets



fresh from the milliners of **Paris and Berlin**,—that is, as fresh as distance and slow communication will permit. All this is most impressive—from the cathedral to the imported finery. It speaks of wealth and luxury ; but the Irkutsk of the traveler is comfortless in the extreme. Yet even the abominable hotel in which we lodged and tried to eat looks almost attractive in an illustration. You do not see the unwashed linen, the grimy waiters, nor can you scent the odors that pervade the Gastinitza Métropole. The contrasts

in Irkutsk are striking, log-houses and electric lights, mud-holes before the houses of the millionaires, infinite leisure for the officials, and never-ending labor for the mujiks. The lumber industry is the most conspicuous local interest. Irkutsk is protected on the river side by the most splendid wall of logs that I have ever seen,—a mountain-range of horizontal timber rises along the river bank for several miles. It would appear as if the forests of Siberia had all been



E OF THE CATHEDRAL, IRKUTSK

felled, and that their trees were lying prostrate for miles along the high banks of the Angara. Two days exhaust the sights of this new city, which at the same time is quite old, for Irkutsk dates from 1654, and was a place of great importance long before the Trans-Siberian was dreamed of. Its future will be shaped by the railway; its place at one of the great cross-roads of the eastern hemisphere is already defined.

Significant indeed was the presence there in 1901 of two Englishmen who came to the station to see us off, for



THE MUSEUM



DEPARTMENT-STORES



A METROPOLITAN ESTABLISHMENT



IMPORTED MODES



A TARANTASS

one was the prospective agent of Cook & Sons and the other was a pioneer tourist, conscientiously visiting the various cities, courageously investigating the hotels and incessantly on the lookout for things worthy of stars and double stars; in a word, he was compiling the Siberian Baedeker. These two men are the advance guard of the tourist army that is soon to invade Asiatic Russia. They wave farewell to us as



THE HOTEL MÉTROPOLE

our train starts eastward from the busy, crowded station of Irkutsk. Along the picturesque shore of the Angara, we now proceed, toward the great lake where this swift cold river has its birth,—Lake Baikal,—forty miles away. The locomotive barely creeps. As we lean out from our places (we are sitting on the platform-steps), we see the smoking-monster slowly rounding the successive headlands, like a discreet and almost timid tiger treading an unknown path, putting forward



THE THEATER



A RICH MAN'S RESIDENCE



A TYPICAL GATEWAY



LOG STRUCTURES

one foot, gently, then the other, as if fearful of the consequence of every step. Why this unseemly caution? The rails appear well laid, the roadbed seems firm. Why not go faster? And as we ask the question, another turn reveals the reason and the cause of caution, a wrecked locomotive, partially submerged. Content, therefore, to ride over this new, almost untried line at a rate of less than seven miles an hour, up this valley which with every mile becomes more



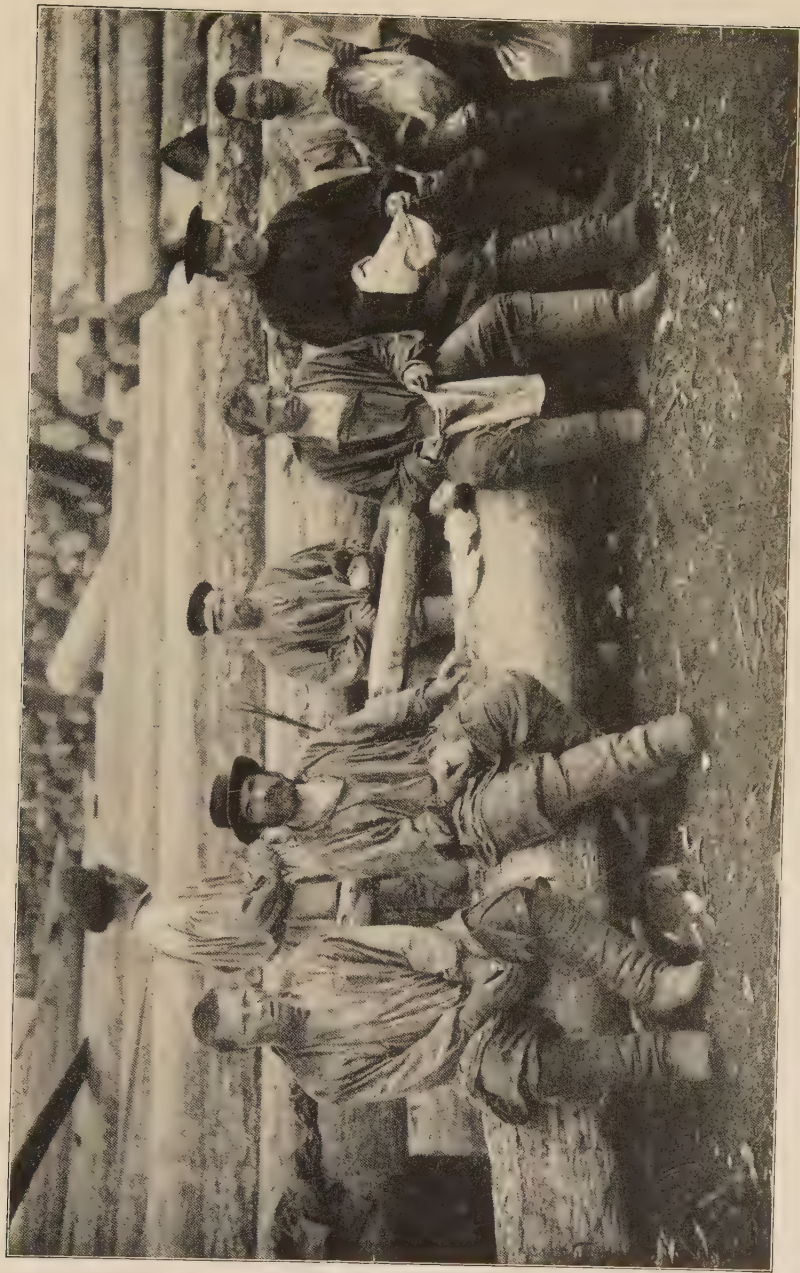
LUMBER IN THE ANGARA



MOUNTAINS OF LOGS



SAWING



LOG-MEN



THE IRKUTSK STATION



THE ONLY BUGGY



REPRESENTATIVES OF COOK AND BAEDER

picturesque, we amuse ourselves by alighting from the train, picking wild flowers, and regaining our places on the platform



THE FIRE-STATION



A LITTLE MUJIK

without undue haste or difficulty. Colder and colder grows the wind that sweeps down with the waters, until at last a final turn reveals the "Holy Inland Sea of Baikal," an ocean of fresh icy water, one thousand feet above sea-level, about four hundred miles in length, and averaging about fifty miles in breadth. At the pier is the huge ice-breaker, built in England and brought hither piecemeal, especially designed for its arduous duty of keeping open a pathway across the frozen Baikal throughout the fearful winters.

The railway around the mountainous south shore of the lake will not be finished before 1905, because of the alpine nature of the country; therefore we must now quit the train and hasten to embark on the ice-breaking ferry-boat.



MONGOLIAN TRAVELERS

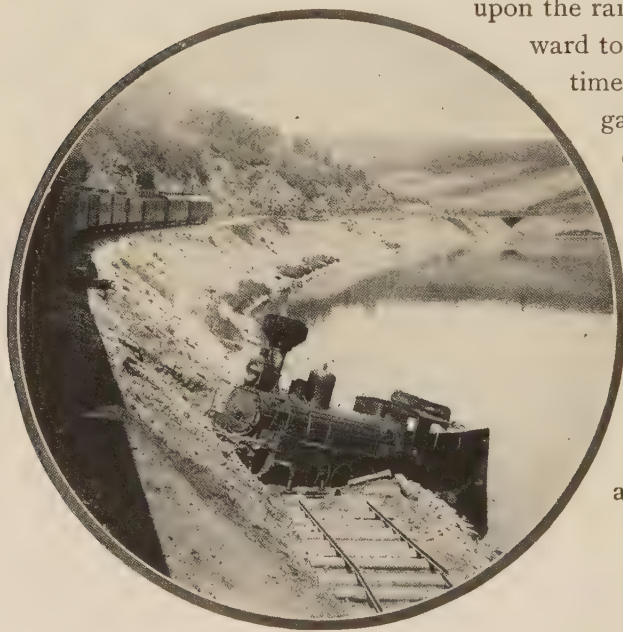


ON THE BAIKAL BRANCH

Only the baggage-cars were ferried over at the time of our crossing, but it is now announced that the through train from Moscow is carried intact across the lake and launched upon the rails that lead it eastward to Manchuria. Mean-

time we transfer our baggage from sleeping-car compartments to the cabins on the steamer "Baikal" amid the confusion of the hundred or more emigrants who are our fellow-passengers.

An hour later we are alone upon the



A WARNING AGAINST SPEED



THE BAIKAL FERRY



THE ICE-BREAKER AT THE PIER



THE BAIKAL PIER

cold, calm bosom of the Baikal Sea. But why alone?—where are the forty first-class passengers and officers and all the teeming population of the third-class cars? They are all on a smaller steamer which will not start till after dark.



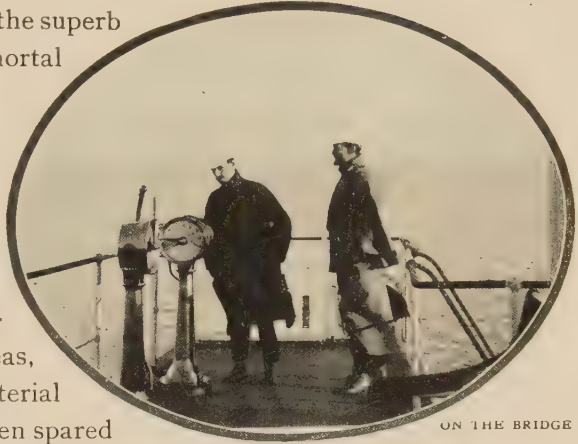
TRANSFERRING BAGGAGE

Why? we inquire. No one can reply. Such is the custom; the big boat without passengers crosses this inspiring lake by day, but, with its load of weary human freight, the smaller steamer

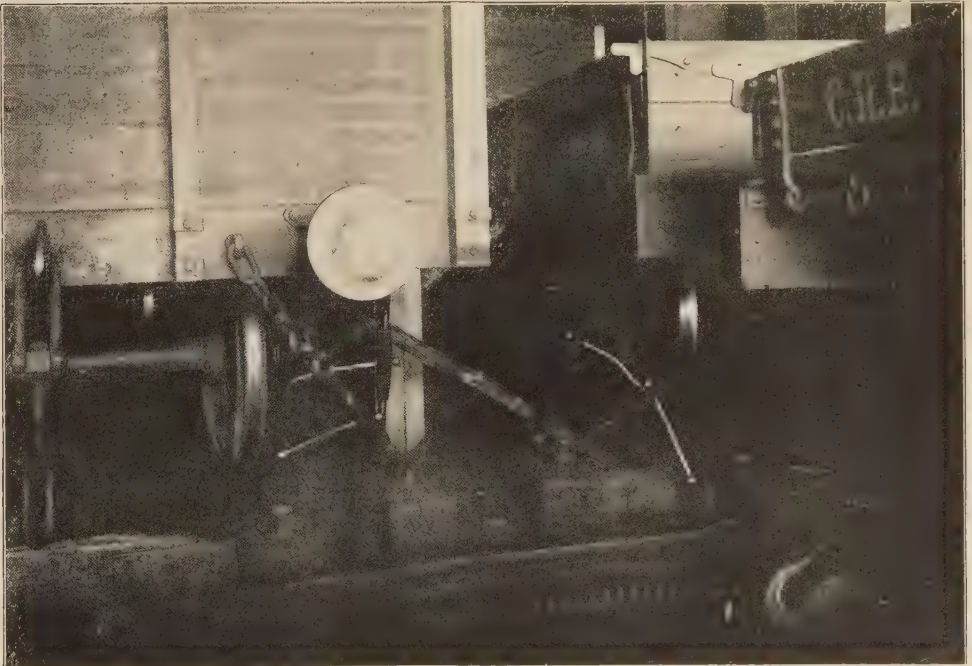
follows long after dark when the superb scenery is hidden from all mortal eyes by the veil of night.

As we walk the spacious decks, we realize the importance of carrying "Boumaga," for without our letter from Prince Khilkoff, we should have fared no better than the rest, whereas, many thanks to the ministerial autograph letter, we have been spared

the cold voyage by night upon the comfortless and crowded tender. Moreover, we had first choice of compartments in the Trans-Baikal train, awaiting us at Myssovaya, where,



ON THE BRIDGE

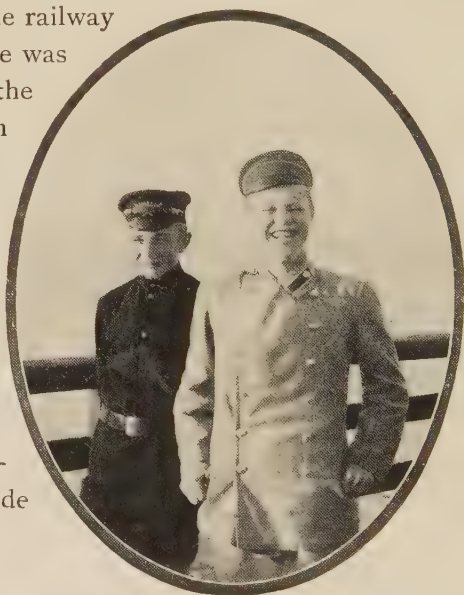


CARS MADE FAST



CROSSING L

barricaded in selfish comfort in our berths, we listened to the tumult of our unhappy fellow-travelers when they attacked the train in the desperation of fatigue at three o'clock next morning. We could see no reason why all could not have crossed by day in comfort had the railway management desired. But there was not a murmur of complaint; the people knew that they had been uncomfortable, but seemed to feel that they had been merely unlucky, and never dreamed of blaming any one for such a gross abuse of patience and disregard of common sense. Next morning they looked worn and hungry, and at the earliest opportunity descended like a ravening horde upon a small roadside



MILITARY STUDENTS



ICE-BREAKER

refreshment-market, where smiling Siberians presiding over steaming samovars dispensed good tea and cheap but wholesome food. At Verchneudinsk we find, side-tracked between two freight-cars, the celebrated "church on wheels." This itinerant Basilica is a complete Orthodox sanctuary, for it has even a chime of bells at one end, golden crosses on the roof, and an elaborate equipment on the inside for the performance of the full Greek ritual.

Pending the completion of the permanent churches which are building all along the line, this rolling place of worship fills a void felt by the devout and the prayerful emigrants



A TINY TARANTASS

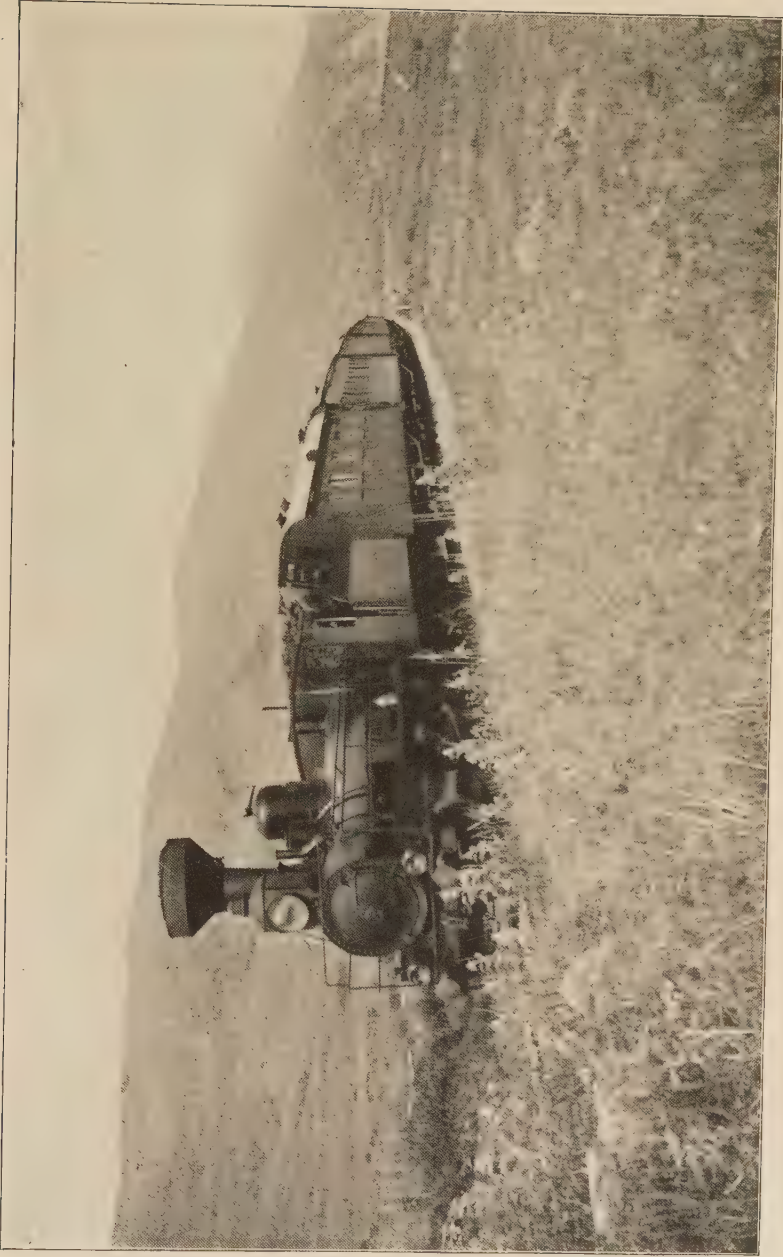


THE DECK OF THE S. S. "BAIKAL"

and railway employees. We frequently surprised guards crossing themselves and murmuring prayers in the corridors on the platforms of our train. Verchneudinsk is the junction for the post-road to Mongolia, the old caravan-route to Peking



MYSSOVAYA



THE TRANS-BAIKAL TRAIN

via Kiachta, Urga, and the Gobi Desert. Wild types of sturdy Mongols of the Buriat tribe are seen among platform loafers. They remind us of the Indians who hang around our western railway-stations, and like them they suggest the passing of the aboriginal and the inevitable dominance of the white

AMUSING THE NATIVES

invader. We found it most amusing to let them look into a little motion-picture instrument, a portable mutoscope. The sight of the animated pictures delighted them, and for the moment transformed the little savage sons of Genghis Khan into innocent and enthusiastic infants.



A TRANS-BAIKAL STATION



RAILWAY LUNCH



TEAPOT TOILETS



MONGOLS VIEWING MOTION-PICTURES

It was upon this section of the railway that we encountered one of the "engineering triumphs" of the line; for days we had been looking forward to the first and only tunnel on the Trans-Siberian. Our Russian fellow-passengers warn us an hour in advance that we are coming to it, that



A TOWN IN TRANS-BAIKALIA

we must be careful not to miss it, that it is one of the wonders of the line. At last our eager peering is rewarded. There comes in view a tunnel mouth. But the much-vaunted tunnel is only a deep cut, a few rods long, which,

after being completed as an open cut, was arched over to protect the track from landslides. At the station of Chita occurs a very happy meeting, one of the surprising coincidental happenings of our long journey. A Russian gentleman

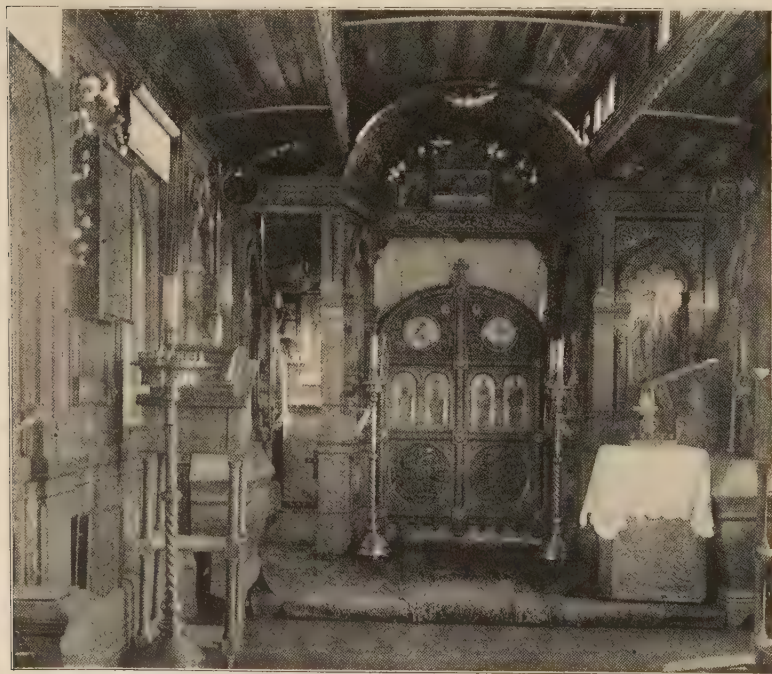


SAMOVARS

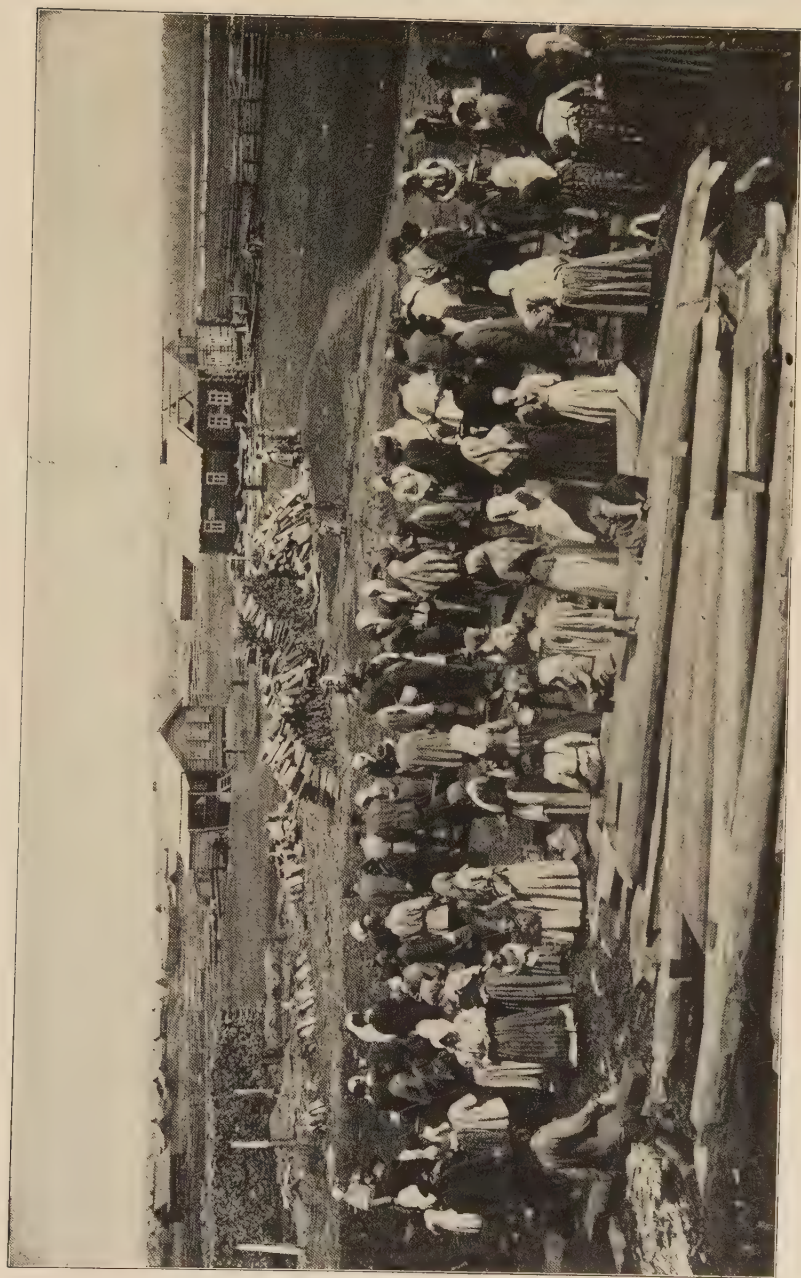


A CHURCH ON WHEELS

there boards the train ; his face is vaguely familiar ; apparently our faces are not new to him, for greeting us with an



IN THE CHURCH CAR



A FOOD-MARKET



KOU MYSS

amazed smile, he asks in French :

“When did you leave St. Petersburg?”

Instantly we place him as the courteous Russian professor who had helped us purchase our seats for the military review in the capital two months before. He stood next in line at the box-office and volunteered to serve as our interpreter, securing excellent places for us ;—and now to our great surprise and



SOMETHING NEW



THE ONLY TUNNEL

subsequent advantage, he turns up in Trans-Baikalia as eager to inform, advise, and help us here as in the capital.

But we did not fully appreciate the value of his good-will and eagerness to be of service to the strangers in a strange land, until after our arrival in Stryetensk at the conclusion of



THREE OF A KIND

the four-day journey from Irkutsk. Stryetensk on the Shilka River was the Trans-Siberian terminal in July, 1901; but since we passed by that way, the Manchurian Line which branches off some distance west of the town of Stryetensk has been practically



MONGOLIANS



ON THE PLATFORM

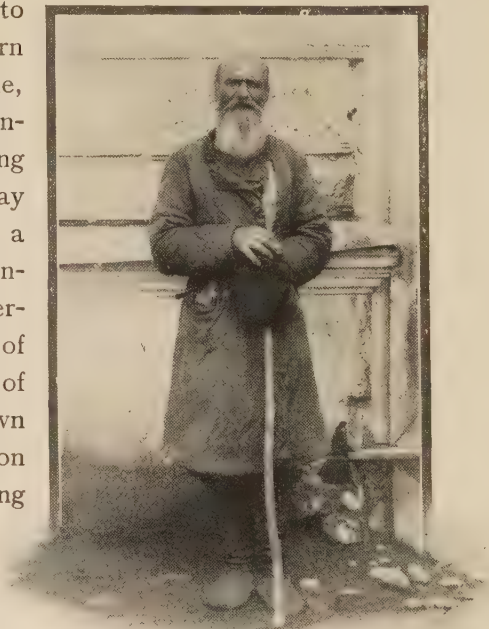


BEGINNING OF THE MANCHURIAN LINE AT KIDAIOVO



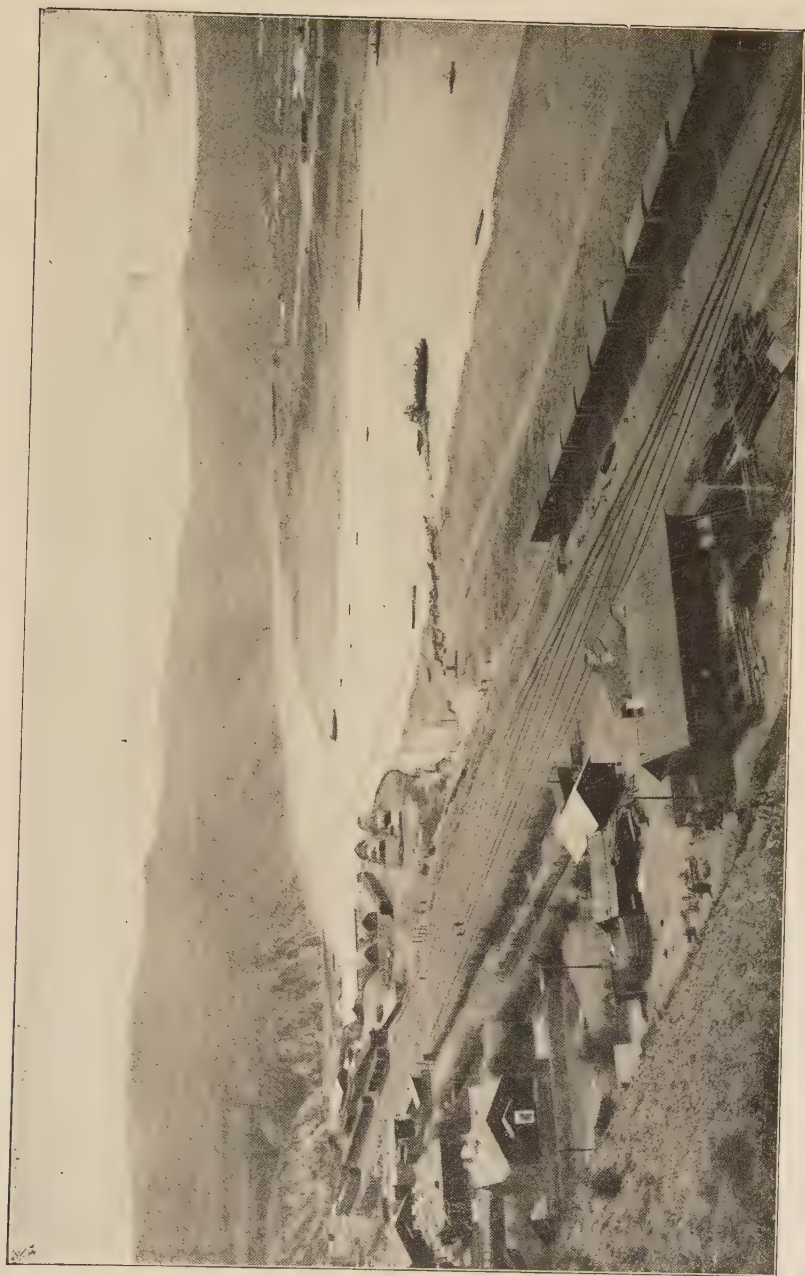
STRVETENSK

completed, and over it the trains are now running direct to Vladivostok. Russia has abandoned the continuation of the line down the Shilka River to the Amur, and thence along the Amur's banks to Khabarovsk, the northern terminus of the Ussuri line, from Vladivostok. The Manchurian agreement, enabling Russia to extend her railway across what is nominally a Chinese province, has rendered this longer route superfluous. In the summer of 1901, however, the tide of travel was still flowing down the waterways. As we soon discover, it is not flowing easily,—there is both a boat- and a water-famine on the river. There is



A MENDICANT

STKVETENSK ON THE SHILKA





OUR FRIEND THE PROFESSOR

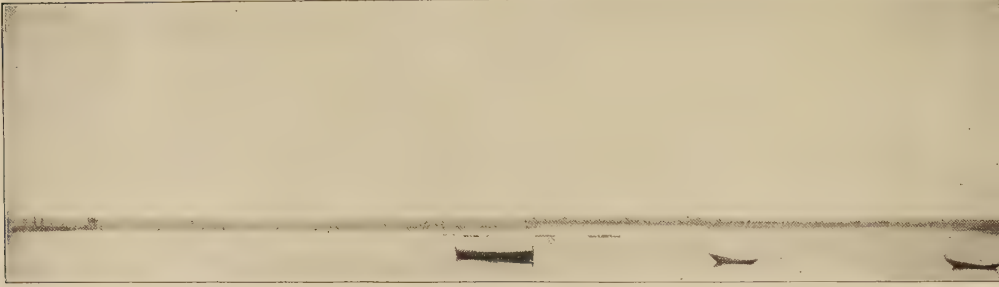
very little water in the shallow Shilka, and as a result no boats in port. The post-boat had left the day before our arrival, carrying off the friends who had not lingered in Irkutsk but had hastened on to make sure of the official steamer. We had taken our chances of catching it, and had lost not only the

21



ISTVOSTCHIK

steamer but also the receipt for one of our trunks ; and here it was that the professor proved himself more than a friend and brother, for he devoted two days of time and all his skill and patience to getting that unhappy trunk from the official meshes of red tape in which it seemed inextricably entangled.



ILLUSTRAT

This meant many wild-goose chases up and down the town, the signing of many petitions, declarations, affidavits, releases, and receipts ; a call upon the Ataman or Cossack commander (for Stryetensk is not officially a town, it is merely a Cossack settlement), a parley with the station-master, gifts to all his underlings — in fact, an infinity of troublesome detail through



IN MID-STREAM

which the kind professor glided unruffled, like the patient, polite Russian that he was. Fortunately, we could not express ourselves in Russian, or we should be still in Stryetensk, waiting for the authorities to forget and forgive what we had said, and to render up at last the captive trunk.



AN FERRY SYSTEM

To us the most interesting feature of Stryetensk was the ferry. Never shall we forget our initial crossing of the Shilka in the darkness of the night of our arrival. Sitting on top of our innumerable bags and boxes, piled high on two



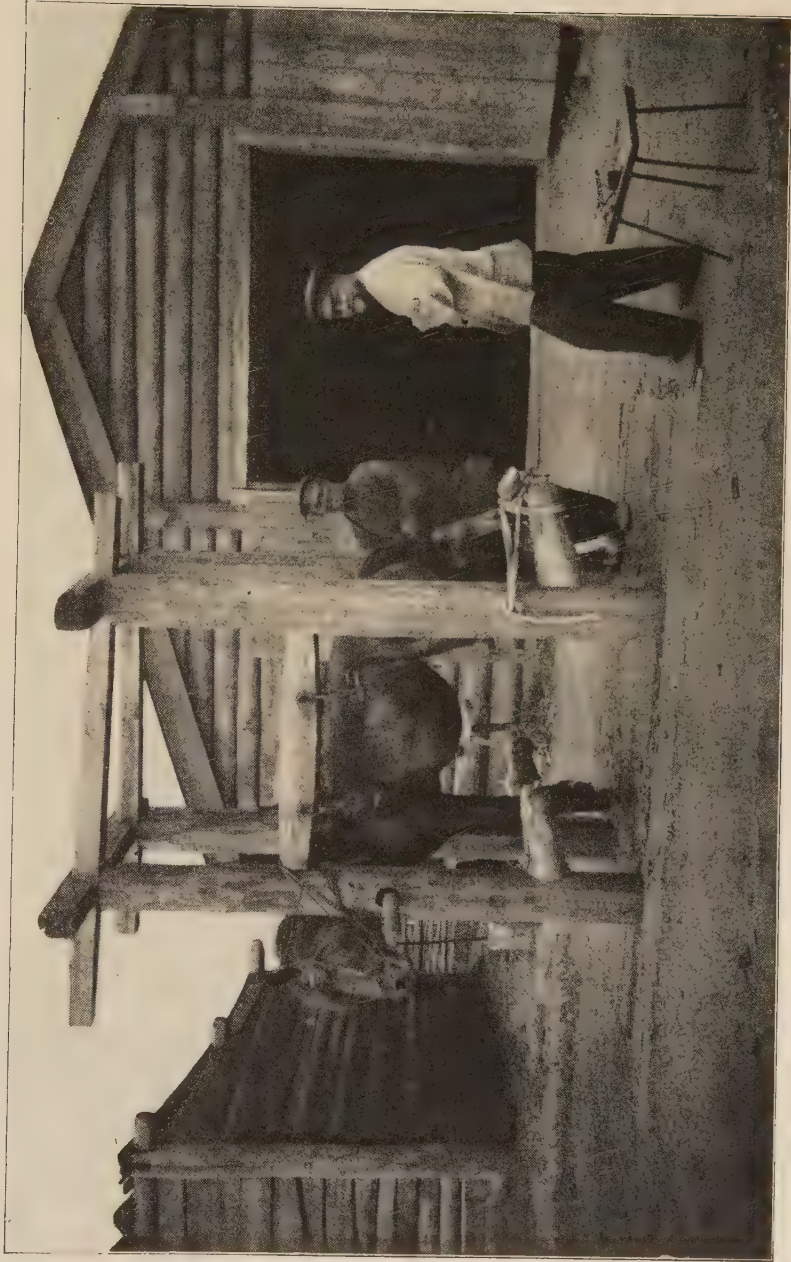
WAGONS BOARDING FERRY



TROIKA COMING ASHORE



THE HOTEL AT STRVETENSK

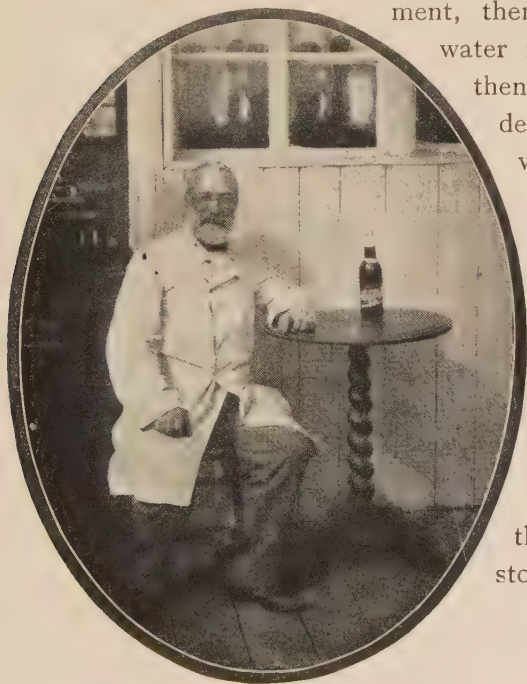


PRUDENT BLACKSMITHS



OUR FOURTH-OF-JULY DINNER, 1901

barbaric wagons, we were whirled down a steep embankment, then out into the river, the water rising to the wagon-floor, then up a steep incline to the deck of an overcrowded barge, which slowly swung part way across the stream, and there discharged its cargo, the horses and wagons splashing through the shallows, and jolting over submerged boulders until the shore is gained. Experienced by day all this may be amusing; but in the pitchy darkness of a stormy night, when one cannot



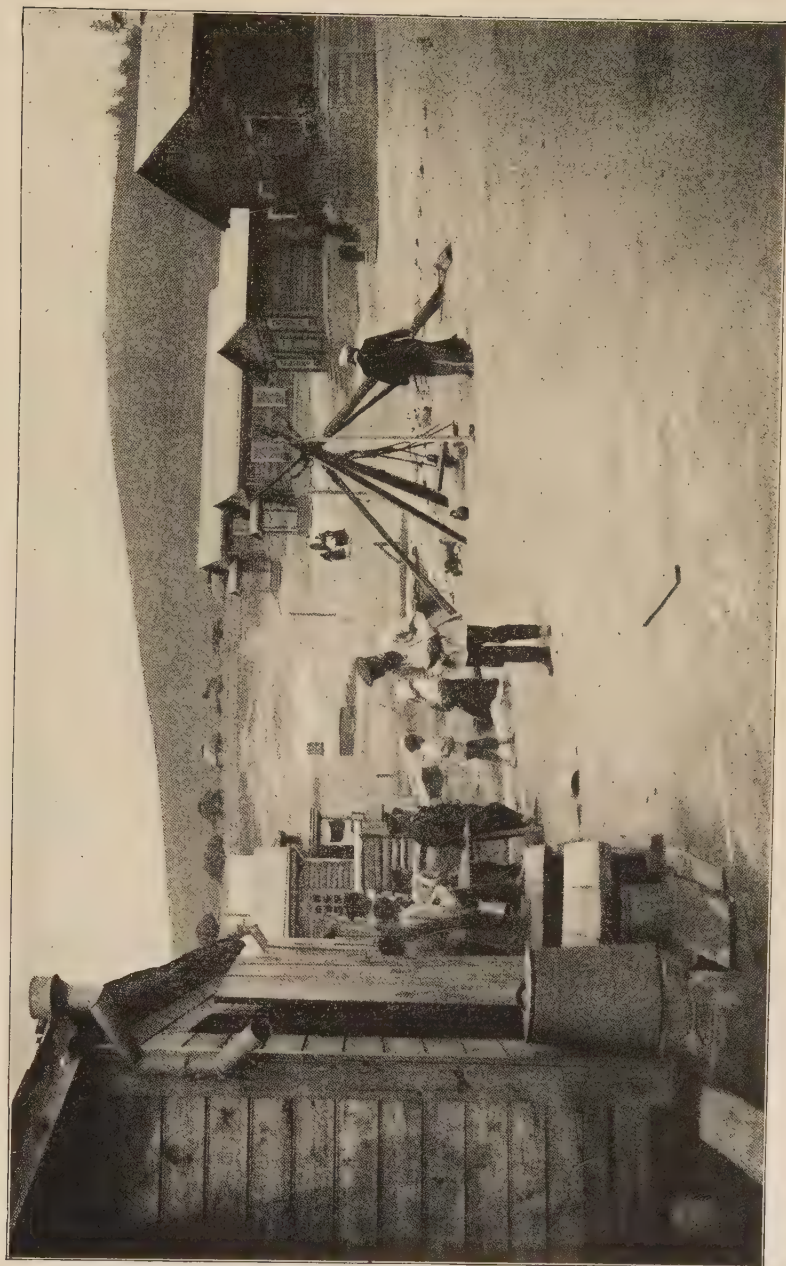
EXILES FROM WARSAW — AND MILWAUKEE

see ten feet ahead, it is, to tired travelers, an ordeal almost terrifying. We secured miserable accommodations in the pretentious hotel called the "Star of the Orient." But here again photography intervenes to soften aspects, for the picture gives to that hostelry an air of well-washed respectability that was as far from the real state of affairs as it was from the desire of the proprietor. "Disgusting" is the adjective most generally applicable to the Siberian hotels. There was but one room vacant. It had a single bed



YURTAS

in which the Professor courageously volunteered to sleep, while I lay on the floor, softened for the occasion by a straw mattress, covered with two flour-sacks which bore the legend of a famous American flour-mill in Oregon. Our two companions slept, or tried to sleep, on the benches, in a sort of concert-hall connected with the caravansary. Next day we moved to the rival establishment, where, as the rooms were full, we were installed in an enclosed veranda. There



THE EMIGRANT STATION.

we celebrated the glorious "Fourth of July" with a noon-day banquet of American dishes cooked by our ambitious amateur chef and washed down with three bottles of the beverage that makes Milwaukee famous, the selling price for which in Stryetensk—the absolute antipodes of Milwaukee—is three rubles, or one dollar and a half, per quart. We



A GOODLY FAMILY

are exactly on the other side of the world. We realize that we are as far away from home as we can get, upon this parallel of latitude; that we have reached the half-way point of our journey, at the forsaken, boatless river-port of Stryetensk; and to our discouraged minds the prospects are that we shall be compelled to stay in this place forever.

We are not surprised in the least to learn that the proprietor of this antipodal establishment is a convict and an exile. Deported after the Polish revolution of 1863, he has lived as an exile in Stryetensk for thirty-seven years. He has grown rich in catering to the hunger and the thirst of travelers stranded at Stryetensk during the seasons of low water. But we are not the "only people on the beach," for besides the scores of "officially-assisted" settlers at the government-



TOUGH MATERIAL



WOULD-BE SETTLERS

station on the hillside opposite the town, other emigrants, poorer and more independent, are camping along the dirty water-front waiting for the steamer, of which the arrival is as uncertain as is the possibility of a subsequent departure ; for the river is falling rapidly. All boats drawing over two feet are already hard aground along the upper reaches



WAITING FOR THE STEAMER

of the Shilka. Human hulks, too, are stranded on the Shilka shores. We saw lying near the steamer-landing a despairing female who had given up the whole affair as a bad piece of business, and had fallen back on her reserve supply of vodka, as the surest ship to the harbors of forgetfulness. For three days that miserable creature lay there in a stupor, unmolested save by the chilling rain of one night and the burning sun of the ensuing day. Now and then she would

wake, take a long pull at the bottle that she gripped tightly even while she lay unconscious, and then, with a glassy stare at the empty, receding river, resume her horrid revery.

But just as our stay in Stryetensk threatens to become a waking nightmare,—the dirt, the heat, the discomfort, and uncertainty beginning to get upon our nerves,—the Professor makes a glorious discovery. He rushes in to report that the good ship “Rurik,” drawing only two feet of water, has been reclaimed from some fluvial bone-yard and hastily thrown into shape to take advantage of the extraordinary conditions that prevailed during the summer of 1901.

The story of our subsequent experiences is told in another chapter entitled “Down the Amur.”



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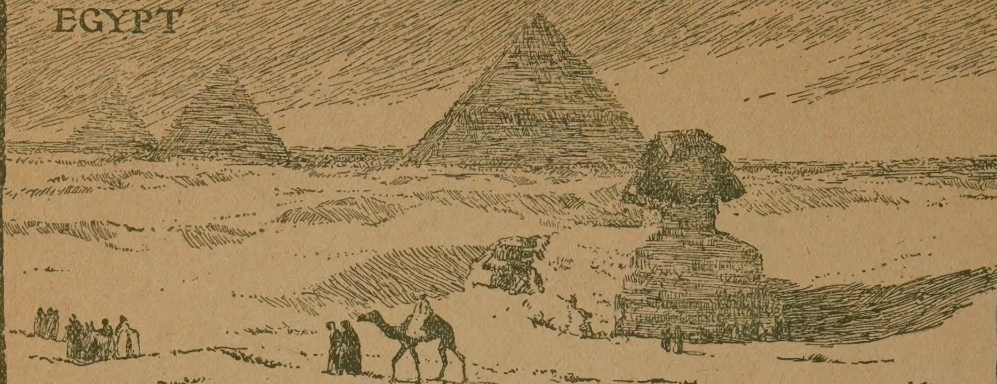
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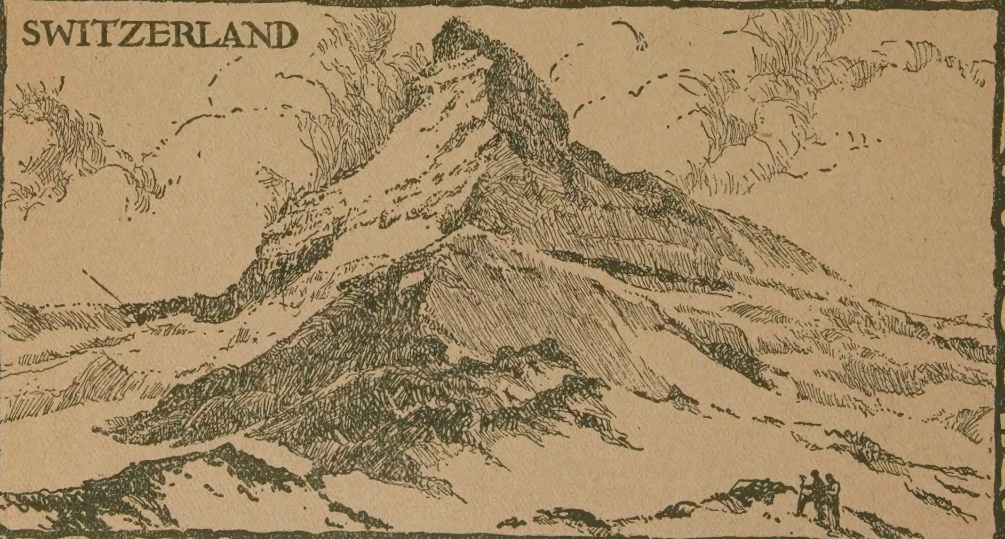
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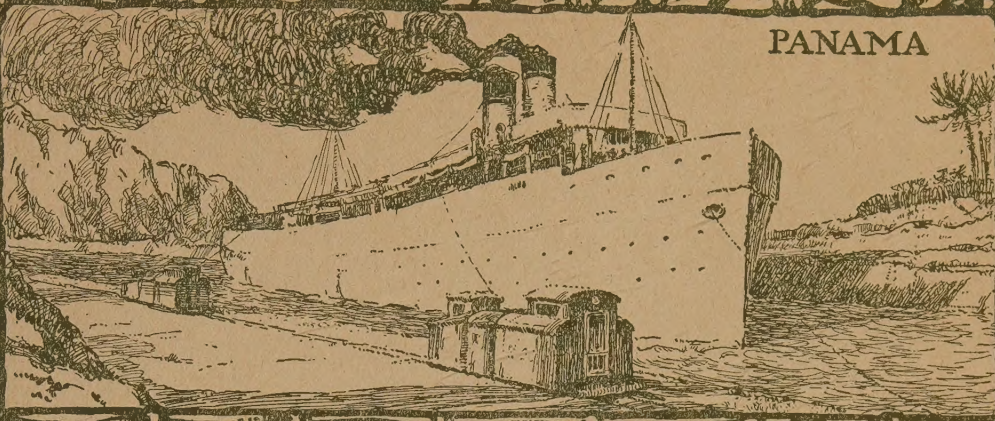
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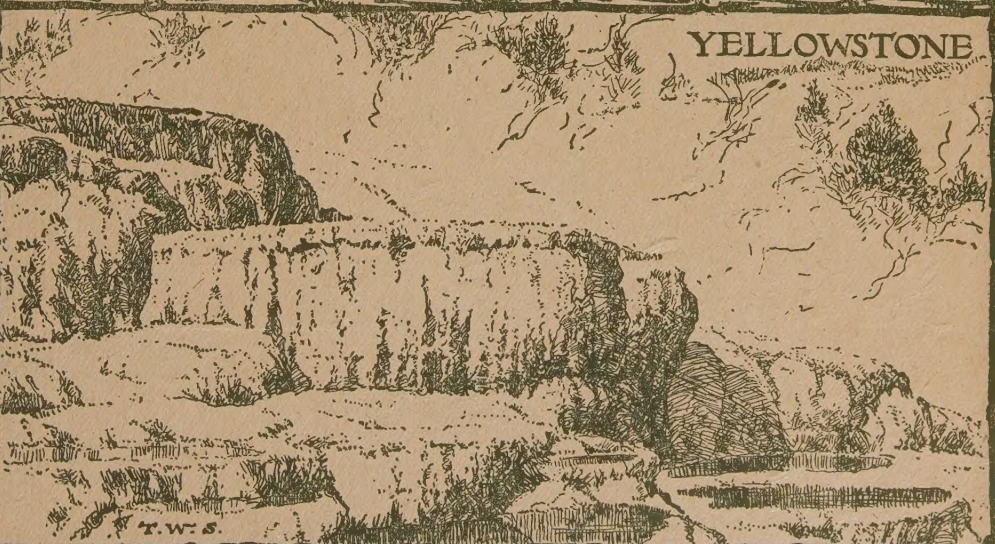
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